

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,030, Vol. 40.

July 24, 1875.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

ON Monday night it was expected that the Government would make a statement as to the course it intended to take as to the future business of the Session, or, in other words, would explain which of its very numerous Bills it intended to drop. But when the time came for this expected explanation Mr. DISRAELI was very reserved. He, in fact, said nothing. He professed to think that there was no reason why any of the Government Bills should be abandoned. If the Agricultural Holdings Bill could be got through in one week, and the Merchant Shipping Bill in another, there was ground for hoping that a whole shoal of other Bills might be pushed through in a grand rush at the end. It was obvious that there was something more in the PREMIER'S mind than he chose to disclose. The notion that the Agricultural Holdings Bill and the Merchant Shipping Bill, every line of which Bills raises animated and lengthy discussions, could be got through each in the short space of a week was so evidently unreal that it was obvious that the Government was only seeking to gain time in order to decide what to do. On Thursday the secret was disclosed. It was the Merchant Shipping Bill that was to be sacrificed, and this was a sacrifice which it cost Mr. DISRAELI much to make. To abandon this Bill was to confess that the Government had managed with very imperfect success the business of the Session. Not only have they brought forward too many Bills, but they have frittered away the time and power of the House by the mode in which they have submitted these Bills to its consideration. They have taken up a Bill, done a little work towards passing it, and then left it to take up another Bill. No one has known what was coming on. Those interested in a Bill have been kept week after week in a state of feverish anxiety as to what was to be done with it. A little bit of patching might be done on some of its clauses any time, or the Bill might be altogether left in limbo for a month. When a Bill was resumed, members who supposed themselves to understand the subject naturally wished to put the House once more in possession of their views, and spoke their old speeches over again. This would have been all very well if Mr. DISRAELI had really been in earnest when he said some time ago that he would keep Parliament sitting until it had passed his Bills. Bad as the arrangements of the Ministry might be, there is little doubt that by October they could have got most of their Bills through. But Mr. DISRAELI cannot avoid consulting the wishes of the House, and the House considers itself entitled to begin its holidays in the second week of August. Nor even if the Session had been prolonged indefinitely, would there have been any glory or credit in passing a large number of Bills in such an exceptional way. What Mr. DISRAELI aimed at was to show that he and his colleagues could, with their peculiar gifts for business, do more in a given time than other Ministries have done. In this he has failed. Not much has been done this Session, and what has been done has not been done well. Partly this is, no doubt, owing to the enormous and increasing difficulty of getting legislation of any sort through Parliament; some allowance must also be made for the unexpected length to which the discussions on the Irish Coercion Bill were protracted; but in a large degree the failure of the Government is to be ascribed to its own mismanagement. And for this mismanagement Mr. DISRAELI is himself chiefly, if not entirely, responsible. The heads of departments can do

their best to pass Bills entrusted to them, but it is for the Prime Minister to exercise a general survey, and to decide what is the order in which things are to move, and what are the results at which, under the difficulties it may encounter, the Government is to aim.

But the question immediately occurs why, if one of the two Bills was to be carried and one sacrificed, the Merchant Shipping Bill was doomed and the Agricultural Holdings Bill was selected to survive. The former is a Bill of great importance, it has been earnestly pressed on the Government, and has been openly accepted by it as a measure necessary for the protection of human life. The shipping interest, one of the greatest in the country, is hung up in uncertainty until it knows what regulations in the construction and equipment of vessels are to be forced on it. The lives of thousands of sailors are, as the Government admits, now exposed to danger, and sailors are to meet unprotected the storms of another winter if the Bill is abandoned. No one cares about the Agricultural Holdings Bill. All that can be said for it is that it may at some vague distance of time, and in some vague way, dispose the minds of landlords to be just in compensating tenants for improvements, although it may also dispose them to raise rents. A Bill that was much needed is abandoned, a Bill that is scarcely needed at all is pressed forward. Why is this? Mr. DISRAELI could give no reason. By speaking of it as possible that the Merchant Shipping Bill should be got through in a week, he had precluded himself from saying that it could not be carried this Session, even although the Agricultural Holdings Bill were abandoned to make room for it. It was left for Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE to tell the real truth. If Parliament is to be prorogued on the 10th or 12th of August, the Merchant Shipping Bill could not be got through. Its clauses provoke not only discussion, but fierce personal feeling. Charges are made against shipowner which impute to them wicked recklessness and cold-blooded cruelty. Put on their defence, they naturally, through those who represent them in the House, defend themselves as warmly as they are attacked. Even impartial persons are apt to be bewildered between their conflicting desires to make commercial enterprise possible and to make the lives of seamen safe. To forward a Bill of such national importance the House might have been asked to forego a week of its holidays. Much as members may wish to get away, they could not have resisted an appeal to stay on a few days longer in London in order to save human life, and in order to relieve the House and the Ministry from the ridiculous position of having gone through the clauses of the Bill so far as it imposes penalties on seamen, and having shrunk from the trouble of passing the clauses which protect seamen against fearful and unnecessary risks. But then why would it have been necessary to prolong the Session in order to pass the Merchant Shipping Bill? Simply because the arrangements of the Ministry have been so bad that the discussion of the Merchant Shipping Bill would have come on weeks later than it ought to have come on. Every one who was made to stay on in London beyond the time when he had hoped to get away would have felt that it was entirely through the fault of the Ministry that he was being kept. Every day and every hour the blunders of the Government would have been brought home vividly to the minds of friends, of opponents, and of the world. It seemed simpler and

safer to stand the shock once for all, and to get rid of the Merchant Shipping Bill altogether. But the Ministry still clings to its desire for the reputation of being a Ministry that is specially able to carry Bills. To have withdrawn both the Merchant Shipping Bill and the Agricultural Holdings Bill would have been too great and too glaring a collapse. The Agricultural Holdings Bill is, therefore, pressed on for the honour of the Ministry. It has now a new object. Its purpose is not so much to secure a tenant who does not contract himself out of the Bill an adequate remuneration for manure as to keep up the credit of the Government for activity in legislation.

The announcement of the withdrawal of the Merchant Shipping Bill on Thursday evening gave rise to a most painful scene in the House. Overcome with passionate grief and disappointment, stung to frenzy by the thought of the labours he had made in vain, driven to desperation by the apprehension of the needless deaths which the tempests of another twelvemonth may bring with them, Mr. PLIMSOLL temporarily lost his senses. In wild and incoherent language he denounced the Government who had, he thought, betrayed him, and the shipowners who, he thought, were winning a most undeserved victory. He even went so far as to call members of the House villains, and he specially named Mr. BATES, the member for Plymouth. At a later hour Mr. BATES found an opportunity of indignantly repelling the aspersions made on his character, and the SPEAKER called on Mr. PLIMSOLL to withdraw the very offensive term he had used. This Mr. PLIMSOLL, who was in a state to make him irresponsible, refused to do; and Mr. DISRAELI had no choice but to move that he should be reprimanded. On the suggestion of some of Mr. PLIMSOLL's friends, who explained the affliction under which he was labouring, it was decided that the motion for a reprimand should be postponed for a week in order that Mr. PLIMSOLL might have time to recover the balance of his mind, and to be able to judge of the position in which his angry words had placed him. Mr. DISRAELI behaved with the greatest courtesy, consideration, and kindness, and no one could be better fitted to discharge the duties of the Leader of the House on such an emergency. At the moment an occurrence so exciting and so unexpected was in some degree opportune for the Government, as it distracted the attention of the House from accurately weighing the significance of the withdrawal of the Merchant Shipping Bill. But it is impossible that the country at large should not be touched with the real pathos of the scene. It will inevitably summon up the vision of a member who had devoted himself, who had given up his days, who had strained all his faculties to the one object of protecting the lives of seamen, being suddenly struck with a kind of madness on hearing that the Government, not through want of sympathy with him, nor through any doubt of the substantial justice of his case, but through sheer mismanagement, had withdrawn a Bill which he had been invited to look to as the realization of a part at least of what he demanded. The shadow of Mr. PLIMSOLL will fall between the nation and the Government when at the close of the Session Mr. DISRAELI parades the list of his noble legislative achievements, and the Duke of RICHMOND counts up with puerile delight the hundred and odd statutes which will have received the Royal Assent. It has been often said that every Government falls sooner or later through its own blunders; and the Ministry has now made the first of those conspicuous blunders which gradually sap the confidence of the nation in the Government of the day.

MR. GLADSTONE ON ECONOMY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S intervention in one of the late debates on the Judicature Act was suggested by convictions which he has consistently entertained. Although it has been his fortune to propose or defend many large Estimates, he has always maintained that frugality of public expenditure is an absolute rather than a relative duty. In one sense it is true that a Government ought vigilantly to watch the demands of the different State Offices. There is a probability that Ministers and their permanent assistants may be inclined to prefer the efficiency of their several departments to a strict regard for economy. In SWIFT'S *Advice to Servants* the cook, the butler, and the coachman were exhorted respectively to consider the whole of their master's income as ap-

plicable to the wants of the kitchen, the cellar, or the stable. Military and naval officers in the House of Commons sometimes incline to a similar appreciation of the claims of the army and navy; and Mr. GLADSTONE evidently suspects the lawyers of a disposition to aggrandize their own craft at the public expense. It is perhaps an indication of his desire for repose and of his growing indifference to political contests that, instead of meeting the professional arguments against a reduction in the number of Judges, he is content to protest against the payment of additional salaries. When Mr. GLADSTONE takes his stand, as he says, on the Act of 1873, he merely appeals from the actual House of Commons, which has paid full attention to the matter, to a court of co-ordinate jurisdiction. The Judicature Act was hastily passed in deference to the recommendation of the then Lord Chancellor, who on many points was supported by the authority of Lord CAIRNS. It was assumed at the time that by the new distribution of judicial functions the number of ordinary Judges might be safely reduced, while new members were added to the Supreme Court of Appeal. It is possible that, when the Act is in full operation, Lord SELBORNE'S anticipations may be justified by future experience; but in both branches of the legal profession, and among those classes of the community which supply the chief materials of litigation, there is a great preponderance of opinion in favour of the maintenance of the present number of Judges. If the general opinion is well founded, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the Government would have been fully justified in reversing the decision of 1873. The latest amendment of the Bill, which reduces the number of new Appeal Judges to one, virtually diminishes the strength of the Courts of original jurisdiction. The appointment of Puisne Judges to hear appeals from their fellows reproduces the anomalies of the Exchequer Chamber. There is no anterior presumption in favour of the number of either fifteen or eighteen Judges. The proverb that second thoughts are best is not universally true, but it implies that first thoughts are not necessarily right or conclusive. If the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had proposed to reduce the number of Puisne Judges to twelve, Mr. GLADSTONE would have been the first to deny that the legislation of 1873 was irrevocable.

Private parsimony, though it has always been an unpopular quality or habit, approaches nearly to the character of a virtue. A miser does far less harm than a spendthrift, if he ought not rather to be respected as a public benefactor, because he voluntarily consumes less than his share of the common stock. A miserly administrator of national finances starves the public service instead of his own personal appetites. If he allows suitors fewer Judges than are necessary for the conduct of their business, his stinginess may often be wasteful as well as mischievous. The defect of Mr. GLADSTONE'S argument was that he demurred to the allegations on the other side instead of taking issue on the facts. In his more pugnacious days he would, with the aid of Lord SELBORNE or other competent advisers, have accumulated judicial statistics to prove that, under the new arrangements, fifteen Judges could do the work of eighteen. It would not be the first time that he has encountered lawyers on their own ground and on not unequal terms. In the long debates on the establishment of the Divorce Court Sir R. BETHELL found Mr. GLADSTONE a formidable adversary; and at an earlier period he repeatedly worsted Sir FITZROY KELLY in discussions on the Succession Duty. The mode in which he deals with the present controversy compels him virtually to admit that a reduced staff of Judges would be incompetent to dispose of litigation. The issue is consequently whether the diminution of remanets, of arbitrations, of incalculable vexation and loss to suitors, is or is not worth 15,000*l.* a year. Mr. GLADSTONE cherishes the wholesome superstition that public money is a sacred property, not to be alienated except under pressure of necessity. His antagonists contend, on the other part, that the nation can afford to buy what it wants. If more Judges than those provided by the Act of 1873 are really required, they ought to be forthcoming. Sir W. HARCOURT indeed objects in epigrammatic phrase to law reforms which provide places for law reformers. It would be equally reasonable to denounce the Public Health Acts because they involve the appointment and remuneration of sanitary inspectors. If a man living in a hilly country finds that one horse cannot draw his carriage, he is not necessarily extravagant because he resolves to drive a

pair. The State is still less bound to practise troublesome economies, because the national income is elastic, if not unlimited. According to HORACE, in the good old days the Roman treasury was rich, while private fortunes were small. Mr. GLADSTONE's ideal condition is, a lightly taxed community and a stinted Exchequer.

It is true that vigorous administrators have often been at the same time strict economists. FREDERICK the GREAT, like all the able princes of his family, looked narrowly into every detail of expenditure. Of modern English Ministers, the Duke of WELLINGTON was the most frugal; and his Budgets have ever since been cited by professed economists as standards from which his successors have culpably deviated. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps places his golden age too late when he fondly regrets the economic tendencies of thirty years ago. About that time the law reforms, which he not inaccurately describes, were in process of completion. The Six Clerks retired on pensions larger than the salaries of Puisne Judges; and the Masters of Chancery were also superseded in full pay. The expense of judicial establishments has increased largely within thirty years, but not out of proportion to the business transacted. The County Courts, which are not much more than thirty years old, have terminated a system which involved a constant denial of justice. Improvements in pleading both in law and equity have enormously increased litigation, to the great benefit both of suitors and of lawyers. The addition to the Court of Chancery of two Vice-Chancellors and of two Lords Justices, and the increase by three of the number of Common Law Judges, is not in undue proportion to the business done. The Common Law Courts have of late been unable to dispose of a large number of causes. It is neither desirable nor possible to impose on the present Judges a larger amount of labour; and if their number is to be reduced, their efficiency can only be maintained by a more convenient distribution of their time. There is no necessity for the presence of three Judges in a trial at Bar. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT remarked, the TICHBORNE trial involved a flagrant waste of judicial power; but such cases are exceptional and rare. The only practicable mode of economizing the time of the Judges is the abolition of the sittings in banc. If Mr. GLADSTONE had taken the trouble to investigate the subject, he might perhaps have proved that under the Judicature Act there will be a sufficient number of Judges to provide for continuous sittings at Nisi Prius.

In thirty years the annual expenditure of the country has increased by about fifteen millions. During the same time, provision has been made for many public wants which had been previously neglected. The whole cost of national education, as far as it is provided by the State, is a modern addition to the expense of administration. Circumstances have largely added to the cost of almost every branch of the public service. The rise of wages has rendered it necessary to increase the pay of the army and navy, and a large percentage has been added to the cost of stores. A man-of-war of the first class costs four or five times as much as an old ship of the line; the size and cost of guns and the price of small arms have risen in a nearly equal proportion, and more elaborate fortifications are built by more highly paid artificers. It is a proper and useful subject of inquiry whether unavoidable demands have been met in a spirit of profuseness. The practical evil is fortunately not intolerable, for the wealth of the country has grown faster than the cost of government. A penny in the pound of Income-tax produced 750,000*l.* in 1842, and it now produces nearly 2,000,000*l.* The indirect taxes which were then levied would, if they were now in existence, have increased in productiveness in a much larger proportion. It is possible that a consciousness of solvency or of wealth may explain a part of the indifference to economical considerations with which Mr. GLADSTONE reproaches Parliament and the community in general. If greater care in incurring expense is practicable, Mr. GLADSTONE's warnings may be useful; but the task which he has imposed on himself might be discharged by an economist of humbler pretensions. A statesman of the highest rank, a financier of unequalled experience and skill, might be better employed than in the utterances of commonplace maxims of economy which throw no light on any special proposal of expenditure or retrenchment.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE questions that come before the French Assembly seem all to resolve themselves into one—What shall be the date of the dissolution? There was nothing in the discussion of last week that promised to have any bearing on this point. As a matter of fact, however, there was a very close connexion between the apparently distinct issues when the general election ought to be held, and whether a particular election for the Nièvre had been carried by a Bonapartist conspiracy. If the Cabinet had taken a more decided line in the debate, or rather if M. BUFFET had taken as decided a line as M. DUFAURE, the Right would have been discouraged, the Left would have supported the Government, and the Bonapartists would have seen that there was no more for them to do in the existing Assembly. The majority of the 25th of February would have been consolidated afresh, and a dissolution during the present year would virtually have been decided on. As it was, the two Ministers spoke in different senses, and though there was no necessary contradiction between their words, the effect was contradictory all the same. M. DUFAURE maintained that there was a conspiracy, and that, so long as he remained in the Ministry, its proceedings would be carefully watched. M. BUFFET did not deny the existence of such a conspiracy, though he said that he had not had time to read the evidence adduced in proof of it. But he insisted more particularly on the fact that, even if there were such a conspiracy, it was not the only danger against which the Government had to contend. There were revolutionary as well as Bonapartist conspiracies, and he intended to note these with quite as much attention as any other. As an abstract statement no objection need be taken to M. BUFFET's remark. There is generally an obscure conspiracy of the revolutionary sort going on somewhere; but unless the Government against which it is directed is singularly weak, it is for the most part found out to be adroit when the time comes when it should be hatched. It needs a very nervous or a very far-sighted politician to discover any symptoms of a revolutionary outbreak in France at the present moment; and to make the possibility of such an event the burden of a Ministerial speech, just at the moment when every one's mind was full of the possible danger of an Imperialist outbreak, looked very much like a conscious attempt to give the Bonapartists a chance of escape by drawing the red spectre across the track of their pursuers. M. BUFFET's attitude pleased the Right, who did not wish to drive the Bonapartists too hard, and thereby deprive themselves of allies who have so often proved useful; it pleased the Bonapartists, who were glad of an opportunity which two days earlier, it seemed, would never again be given them, of supporting the Government; and it pleased a part at least of the Centres, who found in a meaningless vote of confidence in the Government an occasion for constructing a majority more Conservative than that of the 25th of February. As soon as the vote to which these various dispositions pointed had once been given, the spirits of the objectors to a dissolution began to rise. A majority, distinct from the majority which had accepted the new Constitution had come into existence, and if it could only be kept together, the necessity for a dissolution would have disappeared. That necessity arose out of the alliance between the Government and the Left, and if this alliance were dissolved, the consideration money that the Government had been prepared to pay for it need not be forthcoming. Accordingly, on the day after the division, M. MALARTRE was ready with a Resolution the effect of which would be to put off the dissolution till next year. It is needless to say that no word of this intention appeared in the motion itself. M. MALARTRE only proposed that the National Assembly should be prorogued immediately after the discussion of the Budget until the 30th of November. It was met by a counter Resolution, proposed by M. FERAY, to the effect that the Assembly should continue sitting until it had dealt with the Bills relating to the election of senators and deputies and the Budget of 1876, and had elected the seventy-five senators whose nomination is reserved to the Assembly by the law of the 25th of February. Urgency was demanded by M. MALARTRE, and carried on a division by 356 votes against 319.

This use of victory went further than even M. BUFFET himself desired. Whether the VICE-PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL does or does not wish to hasten the dissolution, he certainly does not wish to put it altogether out of reach.

He does not object to such a prorogation as would allow of the Assembly meeting again sufficiently early to permit of the remaining work being done, and the general elections being held in time for the new Legislature to meet on the second Tuesday in January, which is the day named in the Public Powers Law. But neither he nor M. DUFAYRE has the full courage of his opinion on this point. They have resisted the prorogation to the 16th of November, but they have consented to a compromise which allows the Assembly to take holiday till the 4th of November. It is possible, of course, that this gain of twelve days may make all the difference that M. DUFAYRE says it will make. But considering how much there is to be done between the 4th of November and the dissolution, and between the dissolution and the second Tuesday in January, and that even from this short period the Christmas holidays have to be subtracted, it seems clear that the Government must throw their weight very much more decidedly into the scale of a dissolution than they have yet done, if the tactics which have so often secured delay, are to be finally defeated. M. DUFAYRE indeed spoke in a way which implied that the Government would, if necessary, be prepared to do this. But M. DUFAYRE is not M. BUFFET, and it is possible that, if M. BUFFET himself had been in the Tribune on Thursday, he would have spoken with less decision. Even M. DUFAYRE did not go the length of proclaiming the necessity of having a general election during the present year. All that he said was that, when the Assembly came back, the deputies and the Government would alike have come to a conclusion whether it was expedient or inexpedient to take the elections at once, and that the Government, if it was in favour of a dissolution, would introduce a Bill to make provision for it. But what if they cannot carry the Bill when it is introduced? It may be said perhaps that French Governments always do contrive to carry their Bills somehow, and that, unpopular as the idea of dissolution is with many of the deputies, they will not venture to show their dislike of it when it is embodied in a Government measure. The weakness of this theory is that it takes no account of the obstacles, whatever they are, which have prevented the Government from bringing in a similar Bill before now. It is almost incredible that M. BUFFET should himself wish to postpone a dissolution. His object is to secure a working majority in the new Chamber, and his prospect of doing this is certainly not improved by delaying the appeal to the constituencies. The position of the Cabinet has never been so strong as it was at the time of its formation. It had then credit, the very considerable credit, of having got the Assembly out of a deadlock, and of having founded the Republic by the consent of those who down to that time had opposed the establishment of any permanent institution whatever. Had M. BUFFET then made an early dissolution an integral part of his policy, had he announced his desire to ask the judgment of the country on the new Constitution the moment the new Constitution was completed, had he given form and substance to that desire by bringing forward a Bill fixing the term of the Assembly's labours and making provision for a general election in the autumn, he would have obtained a hold on the Republican party in the country which would have done more than anything else to secure the return of a Conservative Chamber. What it was that prevented him from taking this line it is impossible to say, but whatever it was may still have a reserve of unexhausted force which, when it is no longer able to hinder the Government from proposing a dissolution, may still avail to prevent its being voted.

The wish to postpone the elections which prompts the prorogation till the 4th of November does no credit either to the sense or the patriotism of the Assembly. The existing Chamber has been brought, sorely against its will, to establish a Republican Government, and the natural result of such a step would be the submission of the work to the judgment of the electors. It used to be argued that a new Assembly ought to be convoked to determine whether France shall be a Monarchy or a Republic; and, now that the constituencies have not been allowed to pronounce upon this preliminary issue, they may at least expect to have a voice in determining how the Republic shall be governed. They have the more right to be irritated at the delays which are constantly being interposed because the authors of them hardly condescend to deny that their motive for interposing them is the hope that something may yet happen to make the Republic impossible. The mischief which may be done by the circulation of this notion is incalculable. It prolongs

the uncertainty as to the future which has already done so much to strengthen the hands of the Bonapartists, and it supplies an apparent justification for the disbelief in the good faith of the Government to which M. LOUIS BLANC and those who think with him from time to time give expression. That any genuine Conservative can believe that elections next autumn will result in the return of a more moderate Chamber than would be returned if the elections were held this autumn is impossible. The only explanation of the wish of so many deputies to put off the evil day—apart, of course, from the obvious personal motive of keeping seats which they are not likely to get again—is that they still trust to the chapter of accidents to overthrow the new Constitution and to replace it by something which they would like better. In a Legitimist or a Bonapartist this view is intelligible and consistent, but in that of the large body of deputies who profess to set the welfare of France above the interests of any dynasty it is neither the one nor the other.

THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL.

THE objections which have been raised to the provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Bill in some degree answer one another, but on the whole the measure has been coldly received. On one side it is objected that a permissive Bill is unnecessary and useless; and yet there can be no doubt that a proposal of legislative interference with the relations of landlords and tenants has excited serious uneasiness. Sir GEORGE JENKINSON's suggestion that the Bill should not affect existing tenancies was received with favour in many quarters, and any further contrivance for restricting the operation of the Bill would probably command support. Mr. BARCLAY's speech tended more directly than his amendment to increase the suspicion with which agricultural legislation is already regarded. The majority of the House of Commons is not disposed to admit that the condition of tenant-farmers ought to be artificially changed for the purpose of enabling them to make concessions to labourers. Some, at least, of the Scotch tenants whom Mr. BARCLAY professes to represent have openly declared their intention to rely on the principles of the Irish Land Act. It is probably not for the purpose of increasing wages that a particular class of capitalists seeks to appropriate the property of which it now possesses by contract temporary occupation, and it is scarcely prudent in the present stage of the agitation to disclose its ulterior objects. Some sanguine advocates of tenant-right already demand the exclusion from agricultural undertakings of all persons who are not practical farmers, and especially of traders and shopkeepers who have made money in towns. Even the sentimental enthusiasts who habitually support tenants against landlords will hesitate to vindicate the claim of farmers to a strict professional monopoly. Mr. BARCLAY himself only hinted at revolutionary theories; and his desire to make compensation compulsory and universal is shared by many of those who have taken part in the controversy. Those members who expressed a doubt whether Chambers of Agriculture represented the prevailing opinion of the farmers were unduly sceptical. Tenants of land are so far like the rest of the world that they are willing to get all they can, especially when they are assured by philanthropic theorists that by putting money into their pockets they would promote the public interest as well as their own. The burdens which might be imposed by an unjust law on incoming tenants are not likely to disquiet actual holders of land. During the discussions on compensation for unexhausted improvements, all parties have contemplated the possibility of future compensation for disturbance, or, in other words, of a transfer, in accordance with the Irish precedent, of a portion of the estate from the owner to the occupier.

The debate on the motion for going into Committee was the most interesting which has taken place since the Bill reached the House of Commons. The House of Lords discussed the Bill with ample knowledge of the subject; but it was not to be expected that tenants who took an interest in the question would be satisfied with the judgment of a body of great landlords. Mr. BARCLAY and Mr. PEASE made a plausible case for compulsory legislation, if it is thought necessary to make any change in the existing system. It is difficult to give a direct and satisfactory answer to the argument that no Act of Parliament is required to authorize voluntary contracts. The apology of

the Government for introducing the Bill must be collected from Mr. DISRAELI's vague and rhetorical phrases. It was thought expedient to do something, or to seem to do something; and it was impossible, even if the Ministers themselves had been more ambitious, to obtain the assent of the Conservative party to a larger measure. Even Liberal county members look with distrust on a Bill which seems to have a purpose more comprehensive than its enactments. Sir THOMAS ACLAND has consistently expressed disapproval of the Bill, though until he proposed his amendment on Thursday night he had never given an intelligible explanation of the alternative policy which he prefers. In the divisions on disputed points the Opposition has not attempted to act together as an organized body. Mr. LOWE adheres as usual to the recognized principles of political economy, while Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT benevolently defends the supposed interests of the tenant-farmer. The best and most useful clauses of the Bill have not escaped adverse criticism. It is desirable to take every opportunity of enabling limited owners to represent as fully as possible the permanent interests of the estate; yet it has been objected that an extension of their powers is an indirect attempt to evade the laws of settlement and entail. If it is just and expedient that an owner in fee simple should incur certain liabilities to the occupying tenant, it cannot be right that an advantageous relation should be disturbed or prevented by the accident of a division of interests in the land. Sir W. HARCOURT's expectation that the landlord and tenant will combine to defraud the remainder-man would be baffled by any Court which possessed an equitable jurisdiction. Personalty is often subject to strict and complicated settlements which are not without economical disadvantage. Limitations in the discretion of trustees tend to give an artificial value to the highest class of securities, and proportionately diminish the amount of capital which is available for speculative undertakings; but the mischief of interference with the cultivation of land is more visible and perhaps more serious. Reversioners and remaindermen must be content to take the consequences of succeeding to limited owners.

Lord ELCHO's spirited protest against impediments to freedom of contract was really directed against the Bill. If the discretion of the Government had been absolutely free, it would have been better not to introduce a measure which is distasteful to landowners and not satisfactory to tenants; but Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues were not the authors of the agitation which they have undertaken to appease. The hopes excited by Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish legislation have since been stimulated by innumerable pamphlets and speeches, and by incessant repetitions of Lord DERBY's hasty estimate of the possible produce of the land. It was perhaps necessary to introduce some measure which might purport to redress real or imaginary grievances; nor is there any reason to doubt that a part of the Cabinet, including the Duke of RICHMOND, expect some general advantage from the Bill. Mr. DISRAELI has himself always sympathized with tenant-farmers, though he may not have troubled himself to investigate too closely the conditions of social life. As a question of party tactics, the Government had a strong interest in promoting the Bill. The Opposition, which cannot agree on the provisions of a moderate and tentative measure, would have unanimously denounced the refusal of the Ministers to provide for an urgent want. Liberal managers have always cast longing eyes on the county constituencies, which have for forty years declined to listen to their blandishments. If only they could have induced the tenants to revolt under the protection of the Ballot from their landlords, recent reverses might have been triumphantly retrieved. The overtures of the late Government in proposals for the readjustment of local taxation had produced little response; but it might have been possible to excite jealousy against a party which could be supposed to protect the landowner against the just demands of the occupier. In the early part of the present Session county members regarded the coming debates on the Agricultural Holdings Bill with anxiety, until the result of the West Suffolk election proved that the farmers of the Eastern counties were more afraid of their labourers than of their landlords. Mr. DISRAELI may perhaps hereafter find that county voters are still discontented; but he has no competitors for their favour to fear. The Liberal peers were of one mind with the Government in maintaining freedom of control, and the Opposition in the House of Commons has not ventured to insist on compulsion.

A more valuable result of the debates on the Agricultural Holdings Bill consists in the removal of the popular impression that the question is simple and the solution easy. The abandonment by the Government in the House of Commons of the standard of compensation which had been adopted in the Lords afforded one among many illustrations of the difficulties which attend innovation. It had been plausibly contended that the advantage derived by the landowner from improvements effected by the tenant must be exactly measured by the increase of letting value; but on further consideration it appeared that it was impossible to distinguish the various causes of an increase of value; and it was understood that the provision would often lead to an actual increase of rent. It is, on the whole, better that the tenant should be repaid his outlay on improvements, after deduction of the return which he has already received. If the measure proves to be practically operative, some customary rule of compensation will probably be substituted for the process which is provided in default of agreement. It would be a great evil to multiply valuations, which would be necessarily conducted by professional surveyors. The County Courts may perhaps be preferable to other tribunals for the decision of litigated questions; but a County Court Judge will be narrowly restricted in his choice of an umpire. The bias of the valuing surveyors in every district will soon be ascertained; and either the landlord or the tenant will be constantly dissatisfied with their judgment. There was much force in the remark that the framers of the Bill have taken too little notice of the variety of soils and of customs in different parts of England. Provisions which may be adapted to the case of large arable farms in Lincolnshire or Norfolk may be utterly inapplicable to pasture farms and small holdings in the Western counties or in Wales. It may have been impossible to meet local wants, but the objections to uniformity of rule suggest doubts as to the expediency of general legislation. Some commentators on the Bill hold that its provisions will tend to the consolidation of holdings and to the discouragement of small farmers. A more stringent measure would certainly produce such a result. It is possible that the debates in the House of Commons may prove more useful than the Bill; but it may perhaps, as Mr. HENLEY suggests, be serviceable as a model on which agreements may with more or less variation be ordinarily framed.

COLONISTS TO ORDER.

IT appears that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL of ALGERIA, in his affectionate enthusiasm for the province he governs, has suggested that the eight millions of francs which are available for the relief of the distress caused by the inundations should be devoted to carrying to Algeria those who may have been washed out of their homes in the South of France. It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and the GOVERNOR-GENERAL thinks that Algeria may reasonably profit by the sorrows of Toulouse. It is very hard to persuade a Frenchman to go to Algeria. It requires something exceptional to make him exchange the mother-country for what French orators call "our magnificent colony." But a very wet man, very unhappy, with his house in ruins and his plot of land encumbered with *débris*, might really be got to go if he was properly paid for it. The French management of Algeria is one of the most entertaining and instructive subjects of political inquiry. They try very hard to found a colony that shall do credit to them; they set to work in their own peculiar way with great energy and resolution. They seriously endeavour to conciliate and to do justice to the natives whom they dispossess or govern. But somehow things never go right. They make colonists to order, and as fast as these colonists are made they seem to unmake themselves. They invent devices for conciliating the natives, and are half ashamed and half amused at the curious results produced. Algerian matters have during the last few days largely engaged the attention of the French Assembly; and the points discussed, if somewhat small in themselves, throw some light on what takes place in the province. A deputy, for example, took exception to a sum of 280,000 francs, which was inserted in the Budget as the remuneration of a certain Moorish Council, which a few years ago was instituted as an instrument for keeping the Supreme Court of Appeal right on questions relating to the customs and manners of the natives. This institution

has not proved a success. It has only been nine times asked to give the Supreme Court the benefit of its oracular responses, and so, as the deputy remarked, these responses cost about 1,200*l.* a piece; and as one of these responses was to the effect that a child born to a widow four years after the death of her husband might be reasonably presumed to be his child, it is safe to say that they were hardly worth the money. The UNDER-SECRETARY of STATE, who defended the Budget, owned that the Council was almost entirely useless, but urged that the councillors should be allowed to draw their pay until some means of pensioning them off or otherwise providing for them could be found. There is every reason to suppose that the UNDER SECRETARY thought of this all by himself, and had no notion how closely he was copying the despatches of Sir PHILIP WODEHOUSE. A further discussion turned on a suggested augmentation of the salaries of the Préfets of two districts. They were only to get 4,000 francs more each; but the Assembly, in a mild fit of economy, would not hear of it, and deprived them of this welcome increase of income. The official speakers, however, stoutly defended the vote, and they defended it on what may be termed a characteristically Algerian ground. There are colonists in remote parts of these districts, and the Préfet must go to see these colonists. He cannot be expected to ride; he must take a carriage; and this is very expensive. That the colonists could not flourish, that their lives would be aimless and unmeaning, that the system under which they proposed to reap the fruits of the earth must entirely break down, unless the Préfets came to see them in a fly was recognized; the only question was who should pay for the fly; and a parsimonious Assembly decided that the Préfet's fly, which is the very mainspring or keystone of Algerian prosperity, should be paid for by the Préfet himself.

The Assembly subsequently discussed a still more important point, and that is what the Préfet sees when his fly takes him to a colonial centre. There was a sum of 100,000*l.* inserted in the Budget for expenses of colonization in Algeria, and some members well acquainted with the colony wished to reduce the vote by 20,000*l.*, more as a protest against the general increase of expenditure under this head than with a hope of reducing expenditure, as the money was mostly wanted to carry out existing engagements of the Government. The way in which colonization is managed in Algeria is by the establishment of what are called centres. Official intelligence settles where a centre is to be. Sometimes it is in fault, and there are centres which have had to be abandoned because water was wanting, or because the climate was too unhealthy. The Government makes a road to the centre, levels the ground for building, digs a well, sets up a public washing-place, and lays out rudimentary streets. The colonists are now supposed to arrive, and no doubt they do arrive to some extent in a *bond fide* way. But as colonists cannot live until they have raised crops, they must be kept alive gratuitously by a paternal Government for some little time after they have reached a centre, and it appears to have occurred to a portion of the Algerian population that the profession of being the first colonists at centres may be made to give them all they care to have. They go to a new centre, and are fed there, and when this source of livelihood is closed to them, they tramp off to a still newer centre, and are in turn fed there. Those who stay on soon want those who may be literally termed the authors of their being to do something more for them. They claim, and indulgent France recognizes the justice of their claim, that an anxious mother-country shall provide them with a town-hall, a school, and a church. They have plots of land marked out for them, which they occupy on trial for five years, and then if at that time they have behaved properly, and if the authorities are pleased with them, they have the ownership of their plot conveyed to them. When this history of a centre is understood, it becomes obvious how immensely important to the colonists the arrival of the Préfet in his fly must be. They are always wanting something which they can prove to demonstrate the Government ought to do for them. They have to convince him of the propriety of their behaviour in order to gain the ownership of their land. He is the fountain from which French money flows, and he is the master of their private fortunes.

It appears to cost on an average about 6,000*l.* to set up a centre in anything like a decent way, and when a centre is begun its future wants must be attended to. The Government therefore cannot stop, and the vote for the

expenses of colonization perpetually increases. The Government is anxious to cut down the cost of a centre to 3,500*l.*, but it owns that a centre is necessarily of a lamentably shabby sort which receives this sparing amount of assistance. There are usually about forty households in a centre, and to establish these households properly costs 150*l.* per household. How much it takes to get a household there will of course depend on where it comes from, and the astute nomads who wander from one centre to another are had very cheaply; but French families of any respectability require to be paid to go from France, and in the case of the emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine the expense of conveying them was exceedingly heavy. It is not surprising that doubts should have suggested themselves to some Frenchmen, and should even have found utterance in the Assembly, as to the general expediency of this system of colonization. As a deputy ventured to remark, it is not in this way that the United States rose to eminence and that Australia and New Zealand are making strides to prosperity. But then an official speaker explained that it is impossible for the French to adopt the English method of colonization. The Englishman trusts entirely to his gun, and shoots everybody right and left until he has cleared the ground of all competitors and made himself rich. This is the simple way in which the Assembly was invited to believe that our colonists have earned their incontestable success, and the mild manners of France will not permit such barbarism. The official mind of France always comes back to the same point; that Algeria is a magnificent colony; that it must be a French colony; and that, if it is to be a French colony, it can be made so only in one way. If a Frenchman is to go to Algeria, he must see his way to the State spending from 200*l.* to 300*l.* for the benefit of himself and his family, or he will stay at home, and, wherever he is, he must have his Préfet coming to him to promise him money, and to tell him what to do. It was objected that the Spaniards, who are numerous in the colony, come to Algeria and manage to get on there somehow without any help. But, as an official speaker replied, this only showed how necessary it was to spend money freely on Frenchmen, as otherwise there was a serious danger of a French colony not being French. That Algeria may not only be a drain on France for a time, but that it may be ultimately lost to it either through war or otherwise, appears to haunt in a vague way the minds of many Frenchmen. In fact, during the agitated times of anarchy that succeeded the intelligence of the French reverses in 1870, some revolutionary spirits in Algeria declared that, rather than submit any longer to NAPOLEON, they would give themselves to England. More sober heads in Algeria need have no fear on this score. Whoever else may wish for Algeria, we shall never do so. We have undertaken difficult tasks of government in our day, but we could not hope to make anything of a population which lived in centres at the cost of the State, and awaited the arrival of the Préfet's fly in order to know what to hope for and what to do.

THE COBDEN CLUB.

THE meeting of the COBDEN Club on Saturday last seems to have been unusually successful. The presidency of M. MICHEL CHEVALIER would have sufficiently distinguished the occasion; and all the speakers followed his example in confining themselves to their proper topic of Free-trade. On many subjects Mr. COBDEN showed remarkable deficiency in foresight, in judgment, and in the power of estimating the comparative probability and importance of results. He was an active member of the useless Society which occupies itself with declamations in favour of peace; and at one time he threw all his energies into an absurd project of packing the county representation by means of faggot votes. The triumph which he had achieved when he associated himself with a sound principle deluded him into an unfounded confidence in the efficiency of Leagues, Clubs, and Associations. Though he was a powerful speaker and an accomplished writer, his political exploits were only two in number. He at the same time convinced and intimidated the Government of the day into the repeal of the Corn-laws, and he accepted with judicious readiness the invitation of the Emperor NAPOLEON to remodel the commercial relations between England and

France. Although the policy of the Treaty of 1860 was more than doubtful as far as it affected England, the opportunity which was afforded to the French people of appreciating the advantages of commercial intercourse has produced the most beneficial results. As Lord HARTINGTON said, neither the unpopularity of the EMPEROR after the disastrous events of 1870, nor the reputation and services of M. THIERS, induced the trading community to recur to the obsolete doctrines of Protection or prohibition. The English Government wisely abstained from offering active opposition to M. THIERS's reactionary proposals. The indifference with which the renewal or abolition of the Treaty was regarded in England produced its natural impression in France. A younger and less prejudiced generation of Frenchmen refused to believe that the Treaty of 1860 was a contrivance for extending the commercial monopoly of England. Since the accession to power of Marshal MACMAHON no party has advocated a revival of the old system.

When due conventional honour had been paid to the memory of Mr. COBDEN, the prospects of Free-trade properly formed the subject of discussion. M. CHEVALIER, indeed, referred to the German menace of war during the spring, as if for the purpose of illustrating the futility of Mr. COBDEN's maxims and predictions. Free-trade is irrevocably established in England, and it has acquired a footing in some other parts of the civilized world; but since Mr. COBDEN first spoke at Peace Congresses, preparation for war has become more and more the main business of the great Continental Powers. Neither France nor Germany regards commercial interests as of any importance in comparison with precautions for safety or organization with the purpose of revenge. Russia and France have, in imitation of Germany, taken measures to arm the whole population; and the armaments of France formed the reason or the pretext of the warlike designs of Germany. Free-trade occupies but a small area, and peace and good will among nations are apparently cherished only in England and in the minor States of Europe. M. CHEVALIER, in his enthusiasm for his own science, believes that the establishment of Free-trade ten or twenty years ago would have prevented the war of 1870 and its probable consequences; yet the Emperor NAPOLEON, who redeemed some of his errors by his promotion of sound commercial theories, was, on the eve of his fall, meditating an unprovoked attack on Belgium which must, as he well knew, have brought him into collision with England. Mr. COBDEN was at Paris negotiating the Commercial Treaty when the EMPEROR announced the annexation of Savoy and Nice. The Northern and Southern States of the American Union enjoyed unrestricted freedom of trade among themselves when they engaged in the desperate struggle which lasted from 1861 to 1865. The COBDEN Club would perhaps do greater honour to its hero by confining itself to his practical achievements, and by forgetting his barren aspirations. There was much more peace and good will in Europe before Free-trade was heard of than in the present day. The balance of power, now irretrievably deranged, was for pacific purposes worth a myriad of Peace Society speeches and pamphlets. A precarious peace is at present maintained by the alliance of three military Sovereigns who care as little as possible for Free-trade.

Mr. FORSTER expressed a desire for the abolition of Custom Houses among communities which speak English. If his wishes were gratified, it would scarcely be practicable to impose distinctive duties on other nations as a punishment for their use of French, German, or Spanish. Unluckily, for the present all communities of English extraction except the English themselves are resolutely bent on the protection of native manufactures. It is a melancholy reflection that Mr. COBDEN's success was rendered possible by the accident that the most conspicuous of English Protectionists were the landed aristocracy. Even in his own mind social jealousy and political dislike were largely intermingled with motives of commercial expediency. If Manchester and Birmingham had grown corn instead of consuming it, the Corn-laws might have lasted till now. The democracies which are supreme in America, in Canada, and in Australia have no League to threaten or to thwart them. General McDOWELL, who was introduced to the meeting by Mr. FORSTER, would go no farther than to express an opinion that much was to be said on both sides of the question. General GRANT is an avowed disciple of the strictest sect of Protectionists, and the majority in the Senate and in the Congress is of the same way of thinking. Nevertheless Mr. FORSTER is

fully justified in his confident expectation that at some future time Free-trade will be universally adopted. An ingenious American publisher lately garbled an English Encyclopedia by the substitution of Protectionist articles for the original expositions of sound economic doctrine; but it is fortunately impossible to propagate in a doctrinal form demonstrable errors. When all the arguments are on one side, students of economy who are already unanimous will ultimately make their own convictions universal. Monopolists indeed will not be converted, but fortunately consumers, as compared with producers, are in all countries an overwhelming majority. On the other hand, they have, except in the instance of the Corn Law League, never ascertained their own strength, or made it effective by organization.

M. CHEVALIER remarked that the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 will have no meaning if it is not intended to facilitate the introduction of Free-trade into the New World. It is certain that the projectors of the undertaking have no purpose of the kind. The protection of American industry is to be combined with the laudation of American achievements a century old. Among all the States of the Union, Pennsylvania has most obstinately adhered to the doctrine of monopoly. Native consumers who may regard with admiring regret better and cheaper foreign products will take care to conceal their defective patriotism. M. CHEVALIER probably expressed, when he spoke of the American Exhibition, rather an ironical criticism than a practical expectation. He was more serious in his reference to the European treaties of commerce which will expire in 1877. If the various tariffs are reduced there will be ground for the belief that the Continent begins to appreciate the advantages of freedom of intercourse. Russia, like America, prefers a barbarous isolation, but central Europe may possibly incline to a more liberal policy. It is unlucky that the negotiators of commercial treaties, with the exception of Mr. COBDEN, have generally assumed that every reduction of a duty was a concession on the part of the importing nation. The fallacy is so inveterate that it was adopted by the English Minister at Washington during the abortive negotiation for the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. His American opponents excusably distrusted his assurances that the treaty would turn the balance of trade in favour of the United States. It may be hoped that the diplomatists who will be charged with the reconstruction of the European treaties will previously have learned that there is no such thing as a balance of trade. Some time must be allowed for the further discovery that treaties of commerce are blunders and anomalies. There is utter absurdity in a contract to buy comparatively cheap as a condition of being permitted to sell; yet great credit is due to economists who, like M. CHEVALIER, at the same time thoroughly understand the soundness of their own principles, and condescend to humour the prejudices which they ultimately hope to dispel. For once the meeting of the COBDEN Club was seasonable and instructive, and it is barely possible that the speeches which were delivered on the occasion may here and there decide a hesitating convert.

RAIN WATER.

A LITTLE later than this time last year we called attention to the unsatisfactory state of the water supply throughout the country. The immediate aspect of the question at that time was the reverse of what it is now. We had then to speak of farmers who had been obliged to send their teams fifteen miles in search of water, and of parents unable to give their children the drink for which they were crying without going long distances to get it, or buying it with money which they could ill spare. This year there is a very different story to tell. Where there was then drought there are now floods; where there was then too little water there is now too much. Instead of thinking, as people did then, how water could be husbanded, they are now more inclined to think how it can be got rid of. There is reason to fear, therefore, that the progress which the question of a proper system of water supply has made of late years will not be maintained during 1875. It is only when an evil is actually weighing upon it that the public can be induced to take much interest in its removal. Yet for one summer when we get the heavy rains which have lately been witnessed, there are many in which there is very real suffering from want of

water. The causes which make water scarcer than it used to be are permanent in their operation. No doubt, in such a season as the present, this operation is very much obscured. Instead of there being reason to complain of the excessive drainage which carries the water off the ground almost as soon as it has fallen, there is a cry for more channels through which sudden floods may find a safe outlet. It sounds like irony to talk of improved methods of storing water to a farmer who sees his hay destroyed and his wheat endangered by the unlooked-for rise of the stream which in July is ordinarily little better than a rivulet. Yet the experience of this very year has a most important bearing on the question. "In this climate," we formerly wrote, "the winter rains might furnish water enough for the whole year, if they could only be laid up till they were wanted." It did not then seem likely that what is always true of winter rains would eleven months later come to be true of summer rains as well, and that Mr. BAILEY DENTON would be able to write that "during the last month there has fallen on the surface of the country, with but few places excepted, within the short period of one hour, as much rain as would, if conserved, supply the entire population with water for domestic and other purposes for a whole year." Even at this moment, he goes on, notwithstanding all the rain that has fallen, "there are places where an insufficient provision of water exists." If any aggravation of the misery of an inadequate water-supply were needed, it would be furnished by having to endure it in such weather as we have been suffering under during the last fortnight.

Whatever be the future of English drainage, there is no probability that the climate will so alter as to make the ordinary winter rains and the occasional summer rains less bountiful than those to which we have been accustomed. Wells may be dried up, pools may be left empty, the rain as soon as it falls may be carried into the nearest watercourse—all the obstacles to a continuous water supply which we formerly enumerated may increase and multiply with the progress of agriculture, but the rains will still come down. Under these circumstances the really practical course is not to wait until the whole question of water supply is ripe for consideration, which, as was truly said to a deputation the other day, may not be for a very long time yet, but to institute an immediate inquiry into the best means of utilizing rain water. The experience of the present Session is enough to show us how many difficult questions are involved in even the most tentative and cautious dealing with the condition of rivers. Unless very different theories from those which are now entertained of the final cause of rivers take hold of the public, there is very little chance of river water in manufacturing districts becoming good for food, even if it should by a triumph of legislation be rendered pleasant to the eye. It must be admitted, indeed, that in a matter of this kind the best solution can be but a compromise. It is possible to get drinking water from other sources than rivers, and in some cases there may be no channel for the refuse of an important manufactory except a neighbouring watercourse. Under these circumstances, it would be hardly reasonable to insist on making the stream serve a purpose which could be served in another way rather than the purpose which could not be served in another way. Besides this, the purification of rivers in manufacturing and mining districts is likely at the best to be only mechanical. All visible noxious matters may be got rid of, but sundry chemical poisons may still have left their traces in the water. In whatever mode the liquid refuse is got rid of, a great part of it must eventually find its way into the nearest stream; and though the filtration through the soil which it will have undergone in its progress may completely cleanse it, we do not as yet know enough of the action of the earth to say with any assurance that it will cleanse it. The conclusion from this is that, for a long time to come, there will be large districts throughout England in which river water will remain unfit to drink, or, at all events, not be so certainly fit to drink as to excuse us from investigating the means which would enable us to leave it unused. In comparison with those ambitious schemes which contemplate converting the lakes of water in Cumberland into reservoirs of drinking water for the inhabitants of the rest of England, river water and rain water may be called the two natural sources of water supply. When the first of these is for any reason excluded, the next step is obviously to consider what can be done with the second.

A statement like that of Mr. DENTON disposes, if there were any need to dispose of it, of one uncertainty respecting rain water. There is always sure to be enough of it if it can but be properly stored. In connexion with storage, however, several questions of great importance present themselves. So far as experience goes, we know scarcely anything beyond the fact that there is abundance of rain water to be had. What is to be done with it, how it is to be preserved, what processes it ought to undergo to make it fit for general use, are all points upon which we are almost wholly ignorant. Yet these are not points upon which ignorance need be hopeless. The mention of them carries us back to those primitive ages in which human society faced and conquered its first wants. The tanks which are found in various stages of decay in so many Indian villages show that the difficulties with which we have to struggle have been overcome in earlier times. No doubt the external form of these difficulties is different in the two cases. In India the use of the tank is obvious. It is meant to supply water to a population which has no access to any other source. In England the use of the tank is obvious only to those who know the special conditions which have made it necessary. There is water enough to be had from other sources, but the very perfection of modern civilization has rendered it useless. We have to go back to rain water, not because it is the easiest to get, but because it is the purest that can be got. But in the nature of things there seems no reason why rain water, properly preserved, should not constitute at least a considerable part of the supply of every English village. What is wanted to make it so is, first, sufficient reservoirs in which to store it; secondly, sufficient means of protecting it against the impurities communicated from the external air; and, thirdly, sufficient means of filtration to ensure that such impurities as do find their way into the original body of water shall not pass into the conduit pipes through which it is distributed for individual use. Simple as these requirements are in themselves, they are not simple in their application to everyday life. The complaint that the question of water supply in general is not sufficiently definite to be subjected to this machinery can have no application to this particular branch of the inquiry. The three points which have been named—how to collect rain water, how to store it, and how to distribute it—would furnish employment at once ample and definite for a Royal Commission. The experience of 1874 would show how great the need can be; the experience of 1875 would show how completely that need can be met. The knowledge gained from a comparison of the two summers might be profitably collated and utilized in the autumn of the present year.

DISTRICT UNIVERSITIES.

A MEETING was held in the Conference-room of the House of Commons on Tuesday which looks like the beginning of a sensible and business-like attempt to extend the higher education in the West of England. The Dean of BRISTOL, the Head-Master of Clifton College, and Mr. BUDD came as a deputation to interest certain members of both Houses of Parliament in a new kind of college which it is proposed to set up in Bristol. The primary object of this institution is to give something in the nature of a University education to young men who are obliged to go into business either directly or very soon after they leave school. This object is to be attained in two ways. In the first place, a complete course of instruction is to be provided during those important years which men who are going to Oxford or Cambridge usually spend in the higher forms of a public school. Hitherto it has been very difficult for a young man who is not going to Oxford or Cambridge to turn this period to much intellectual account. The ordinary commercial school does not keep boys after sixteen or seventeen, and the schools which keep them to nineteen naturally adapt their training to the wants of the University course which is in the majority of cases going to follow the school course. It is obvious that the instruction which is given between seventeen and nineteen ought to be different in many respects according as education is to end at nineteen or to be continued to two-and-twenty. The example of the great English Universities down to the generation preceding the present, and of the Scottish Universities to this day, shows that an education which ends at nineteen need not in itself be either incomplete or super-

ficial. But it ought to be framed on lines of its own and to steer clear alike of the strictly preparatory character which belongs to the highest work at a public school, and of the perhaps exaggerated range which has of late years been given to the highest work at Oxford or Cambridge. It requires, therefore, to be given in a special institution, and by men who specially devote themselves to providing the kind of training required. In the second place, this new college will attempt to give young men who have already gone into business the means of continuing their education in the evening. At present there are probably many young men in Bristol who might have been sent to such a college as this, if it had existed, after leaving school. As it is, they have gone at once into business, and the object of these evening classes will be to enable them to put themselves on a level with the more fortunate class which will grow up after the college has been founded. Of course this level can only be reached by very hard and self-denying labours on the part of the students. Whether any considerable proportion of the young men for whom these evening classes are intended will really attend them with the regularity and persistence which can alone make them useful, seems, we confess, exceedingly improbable. It demands an extraordinary devotion to knowledge to submit night after night and year after year to severe mental discipline after a hard day's work in an office or in a warehouse. The degree of success which has occasionally been attained by institutions professing to give a supplementary education of this kind is probably due to the merely popular character of the instruction given. We do not say this with any wish to discourage the founders of the Bristol scheme in their attempt to do something for a class which it is no longer possible to educate except by this means; but the object should be regarded as secondary, and not be allowed to interfere in any way with the main work of the college.

A feature in the Bristol scheme which gives it the importance which comes from authoritative recognition is that Balliol and New College have each offered to give 300*l.* a year for five years towards carrying it out. There can be but one opinion as to the generosity of this contribution, and, regarded as a merely incidental mode of showing the interest which these distinguished colleges take in the experiment, no exception need be taken to its policy. Hereafter, probably, uses more immediately connected with Oxford will be found for that collegiate wealth of which so much is now either altogether wasted, or, as in the present instance, spent, to good purposes indeed, but still outside the University with which Balliol and New College are associated. Should it seem desirable in future to appropriate any part of these college revenues to the furtherance of educational schemes at a distance, it would be well that the aid should be given with a view of keeping up a connexion between these newly-founded colleges and the existing Universities. Lord ABERDARE quoted the example of Aberystwith College to show that many young men would go up from Bristol and get exhibitions at Oxford or Cambridge; but Mr. KIRKMAN HODGSON seems to have been a little alarmed at the subordinate educational position which this prediction assigns to the new college. "He rather thought it was their intention not 'so much to train young men for exhibitions at the older Universities as to give young men scientific knowledge to fit them immediately for the pursuits in which they were engaged.'" We sympathize to some extent with Lord ABERDARE's wish, and with Mr. KIRKMAN HODGSON's alarm. On the one hand, there can be no more appropriate work for such an institution as it is proposed to found at Bristol than to give young men who show exceptional power and industry the means of carrying their studies further. On the other hand, if the new college were to devote itself to preparing its students to stand for scholarships, it would cease to have any special character of its own. One mode of reconciling these apparently conflicting considerations is suggested in the proposal to allow residence at a local college to count towards residence at the University. In this way the two years spent at the Bristol College might be taken as representing either the same or a shorter period spent at Oxford or Cambridge, and the student going up from Bristol to either University might go in for his degree at the end of one or two years. It would probably be found that the existing scholarships and exhibitions would not be well adapted to young men coming up under these new conditions, and a portion of the college revenues might very properly go to founding additional

exhibitions with specially designed conditions as to antecedents and residence.

According to Dr. PERCIVAL, five professors will be wanted for the proposed college. There must be a professor of chemistry, a professor of engineering and mining, a professor of mathematics, a professor of the ancient languages, literature, and history, and a professor of English history and literature. The French and German languages, it appears, are to be put off with a teacher each, who is not of necessity to know anything about the literature or history of the nation whose tongue he is to teach. This arrangement of studies strikes us as quite unworthy of an institution which promises to have so many claims on our good will. The man who is best qualified to teach a language, or to criticize a literature, need not be equally well qualified to teach history. Indeed, the presumption is, that if he has made a real study of the first two subjects, he will give but a small part of his time and labour to the third. Again, why is history to be subdivided into ancient and English history, leaving the continent of Europe ever since the Christian era, or the fall of the Western Empire, out in the cold? Supposing the number of professors to remain what Dr. PERCIVAL stated it, there can be no reason why history should not have a professor all to itself, and the ancient and English languages and literatures be treated as distinct subjects. It is calculated that to start the new college on a satisfactory footing 40,000*l.* will be wanting, of which 17,000*l.* has been already secured. Of this sum 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* will be spent on buildings, while the remainder will go to an endowment or sustentation fund. Lord ABERDARE suggested that it would be sufficient at present to raise a guarantee fund, since, if the experiment succeeded, subscriptions would come in liberally. An institution of this kind ought to be in a great measure self-supporting when it is once started; but it is of great importance that it should not be cramped for money in those early days during which there can be no proper proportion between income and outlay. This latter object is very well attained by a guarantee fund. There are some persons who will give money to enable an experiment to be tried, though they dislike giving it to a scheme which they think ought to succeed without their help.

There is one means of providing teaching which has never yet been introduced into an English college, but might perhaps be tested at Bristol. This is the plan, lately proposed by M. ERNEST RENAN for adoption in France, of allowing any qualified person to give courses of lectures on the subjects studied in the college, charging the same fees as those charged by the regular professors, but not receiving any pay from the college funds. Supposing that, besides the ordinary teaching, there were the rivalry and excitement of a body of lecturers who had sufficient confidence in themselves to run the risk of empty class-rooms and empty pockets, the college would gain alike by the intellectual stimulus which this system would supply, and by the accompanying opportunities of ascertaining by actual experiment the character and modes of teaching best suited to the wants of the students. It must be remembered that the experiment of bringing the higher education within the reach of young men who are going into business, at the latest, at eighteen or nineteen, is almost a new one. It has only been tried at Owens College, and even there the original scheme differed in some important respects from the Bristol scheme. What has been mostly done hitherto has been to attract a few of the class to the Universities, partly by the love of learning for its own sake, but still more perhaps by the prospect which successful study affords of escaping from business altogether and entering a profession. An education which for the main body of the students aims at being complete in itself, at being something distinct from what they have had at school, and yet not intended to lead to any further education elsewhere, will require a distinct order of teachers almost as much as a distinct order of students. The more the field is thrown open to all comers, the better will be the chance of discovering and developing the new material which will be required.

THE BYRON MEMORIAL.

IT is some comfort that the Byron memorialists have changed their scheme. "A statue in some conspicuous place in the metropolis" will most likely turn out much the same as other

statues in other conspicuous places in the metropolis. It is something that they have given up the notion of any kind of disfigurement of Hucknall Torkard Church. That church is not of the same importance as Westminster Abbey, but it is something to save any church from the intrusion of "tablets," "slabs," "busts," or any of the other abominations of memorialists and centenary-mongers. Mr. Disraeli talks about a "tablet"; Mr. Sala talks about a "slab"; Mr. Alfred Austin has something to say about a "bust." As for tablets, we know all about them. It would seem that even at Westminster there is a lull in the matter of tablets. It was said the other day that the Dean had actually refused admission into the Abbey to a tablet of some one or other. It is possible then that things may be mending, even in the place where reformation seemed least to be looked for. Or, it may be, the tablets have so thoroughly done their work that there is really no more ancient detail left for tablets to destroy, and that, if any more tablets are to be stuck up, it can only be by one ugly thing displacing another ugly thing. This last of course could not be endured. It is doubtless the right thing to cut away the exquisite foliage of the days of Henry the Third or of Edward the First, to make room for Neptune or Hercules, for the sucking child or the naked Indian; but it would never do to allow heathen gods, sucking children, or naked Indians to quarrel among themselves; it is for them, of course, that our national mausoleum, our metropolitan Valhalla, is kept up. And of these at least, whatever becomes of the fabric of the forgotten church at Westminster, all care must be taken by a grateful nation. Still there is the fact that one tablet has been refused admittance at Westminster, and that it has been decided not to stick up another at Hucknall Torkard. Whatever be the motive, the facts are worth recording. It is in any case better that the number of tablets in the land should be fewer by two than it might have been. If we may be so sanguine as to see in these cases a real check to the setting up of tablets, if we could indulge our pleasing day-dream so far as to think that we have seen "the Last of the Tablets," the day of deliverance, whether at Westminster or at Hucknall Torkard, would be memorable indeed. Anyhow, there was to be a tablet; Mr. Disraeli felt that the tablet, or the "movement respecting the tablet," "was under the influence of kindly and able counsels"; but, from whatever cause, counsels of some other kind have happily prevailed, and there is not to be a tablet. So far so good. On the other hand, while Mr. Disraeli talked about a tablet, Mr. Sala, as we have seen, talked about a slab. "The Committee had simply wished to lay a plain marble slab in the church of Hucknall Torkard, to point out to the pilgrim—for many a pilgrim went there from all parts of the world—the spot where Byron lay." "The slab would only have had upon it the simple word 'Byron,' for, as he had said, 'my epitaph shall be my name alone.'" It is a pity to cut down Mr. Sala's high-flown talk to the level of plain prose; but does the slab mean a slab laid down on the floor of the church? or does it mean something stuck against the wall, like a tablet, only something different from a tablet? If it was to be on the floor, it would of course be one degree more harmless than if it were stuck against the wall. The disfigurement must, in the nature of things, be less. But to our mind, there would be just as much sentimental affectation in the "simple word 'Byron,'" carved on the slab as there could be in the "pompous inscription" with which Mr. Sala said that he could not insult the poet's memory. However the notion either of setting up a tablet, or laying down a slab, has been given up. The grotesque notion of making a new memorial of a man long after his death in the place where a memorial, a "touching memorial," had been set up at the time by one of those nearest to him, has been happily cast aside. The question of a Byron memorial has come down to the more commonplace question of a London statue.

The whole thing suggests one or two thoughts. It is wonderful to see how, in a time when taste has so wonderfully improved on many points, it seems to have made so little improvement in this matter of monuments. A few tombs have indeed been made of late years which follow ancient models and breathe an ancient spirit, but they are still quite the exception. Even in some of these we see that the sculptor cannot bring himself wholly to reproduce the severe majesty of an ancient effigy. He will bring in some of the little tricks of his trade; he will put the head a little on one side; he will do something or other with the hands, instead of simply keeping them clasped as of old. Still in other places there is a certain degree of improvement; but whenever a man of any eminence dies there is at once a cry to set up a tablet to him in Westminster Abbey, even though he be not buried in Westminster Abbey. When Mr. Austin talks of a "bust," he says, unhappily with truth, that a bust points to "Westminster Abbey and Poets' Corner." It seems to be taken for granted that Westminster Abbey, or, failing Westminster Abbey, some church somewhere, is the proper place in which to set up memorials of dead people, without any reference whatever to their real places of burial. Now memorials of dead people found their way into churches only because of the practice of burying people in churches, a practice which some are inclined to look on as having been an abuse from the beginning. Anyhow the genuine ecclesiastical monument, the only kind of monument which harmonizes with either the details or the spirit of the ancient church, is simply a tomb. It is the actual resting-place of the body wrought into such a shape as to become itself an ornament of the building. As long as tombs were designed with any reference to either the

architecture or the purpose of the churches in which they were placed, no one ever thought of setting up a monument or a memorial within a church in any shape but that of a real tomb. Here and there such a thing as a cenotaph may be found, but, whenever it is so, it is purely by accident. It simply means that some man made, as men often did make, his own tomb in his lifetime, and then by some chance, when he died, he happened to be buried elsewhere. The ancient monument then has a meaning. It is at once monumental and artistic. It commemorates the dead person on the spot where he actually lies, and it commemorates him in such a form as harmonizes with the building and forms an appropriate ornament of it. All these conditions are forgotten when a tablet, a statue, a group of heathen gods or of allegorical figures, is set up to commemorate some person who is very likely not there, which is utterly incongruous with both the purpose and the architecture of the building in which it is placed, and which constantly hides or destroys its most beautiful and characteristic features. Strange to say, while we have in other respects made such advances in the way of appreciating and respecting our ancient churches, the rage for tablets—sometimes made yet more hideous by an affectation of mediæval detail—has hitherto gone on unchecked. The Abbey of Westminster has been disfigured, and the memory of two great scholars who are buried elsewhere has been dishonoured, by the things set up to record the names of Mr. Hallam and Sir George Lewis. It may be that this wretched taste has at last received a check; if so, it is certainly not before the time for a check had come.

Now that it has been ruled that the memorial to Byron is not to be either a tablet or a slab at Hucknall Torkard, but a statue in some conspicuous place in the metropolis, the thing becomes hardly worth arguing about. But one cannot help being amused at the odd dispute between Lord Stanhope and Mr. Sala. Lord Stanhope, to be sure, speaks English, while Mr. Sala drags in a good deal of French about *confères* and *noblesse oblige*. But the two speakers get into a controversy whether it were lawful to have two monuments to the same person in the same church. Lord Stanhope says, rationally enough, that there was already a monument to Byron in Hucknall Torkard church, and that this fact "had not been sufficiently borne in mind." Lord Stanhope said "he believed he was right in saying that no two monuments to the same person ever found a place in the same church." It might be unsafe to say that no such case ever happened, but it certainly could only happen through some strange accident. Lord Stanhope seems to have spoken quietly and sensibly enough, but Mr. Sala must have a metaphor. In Mr. Sala's language, Lord Stanhope had "thrown down a gauntlet," and Mr. Sala presently "took it up." He pointed, in reply, to the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, and to the two memorials there of Shakespeare. To this Lord Stanhope answers that "he did not call a mere gravestone a monument." That such a discussion as this could arise is a curious comment on the strange divorce which in modern ideas has taken place between the real tomb and the monument. Of course the tomb and the monument ought to be the same; but when people took to sticking memorials against walls apart from the tomb, they might still wish to mark the actual place where the dead person lay, and so we get to this odd question, whether a gravestone is a monument, and whether there can be two monuments of the same person in the same church.

Of Lord Stanhope's speech we understand every word. We begin to need a commentator when Mr. Sala tells us that he joined the Memorial Committee, not for this reason or that, "but because he thought he saw upon that subject a desire for increased charity, toleration, and peace, and for that better half of memory," and what not. But Mr. Disraeli is in his very darkest vein. He of course has to meet the objection which is sure to be made from some quarter or another, on the ground both of Byron's own personal character and of the character of much of his writings. Here is a point on which there is room for very natural and very allowable differences of feeling and opinion. But if such a point is to be discussed at all, why cannot it be discussed straightforwardly, in plain words which have a distinct meaning? It can only have been on the principle of admiring what is not understood that cheers were drawn forth by such a sentence as this:—"When half a century has elapsed, private character is hardly an element in the estimate of literary genius." Now private character cannot be said to be an element in the estimate of literary genius, whether half a century has elapsed or not. It would be simply absurd for the estimate of a man's literary genius to be in any way influenced by our estimate of his private character. But there is, to say the least, no absurdity in maintaining that literary genius alone, when found along with a private character which is not entitled to respect, should not be made the object of public honours. We are not arguing in favour of this proposition; but we say that it is a perfectly intelligible proposition, while that which Mr. Disraeli has conjured up to fight against is simply meaningless. Yet louder cheers are called forth by a yet darker saying. "But of his private character," says Mr. Disraeli, "it may be said that it was ambiguous, and that of it little is clearly known, and there is no man in this room—ay, I would say even in this country—that upon that subject can presume to give a definite and precise opinion." Mr. Disraeli can hardly be referring here to those darker rumours about Byron's character which were about some years past, because, if for no other reason, such a reference would be quite in the teeth of his own argument. But what else can he mean? We can only say that Mr. Disraeli's present utterance seems to us not a little ambiguous, and that we shall certainly not presume to give

a definite and precise opinion about it. Then Mr. Disraeli goes on to speak of the "excuse," as he calls it, that Byron's works were "deficient in morality, and that he indulged in too free speculations on those subjects which the human mind can never penetrate, but which it is organically formed to reverence." We are asked in return to "remember that he was born in an age of contracted sympathies and restricted thought, and that much which he then questioned has since been surrendered." Here again came cheers; but what does it all mean? Why cannot Mr. Disraeli speak plain English? What, except to conceal meaning or to veil the absence of meaning, is the use of circumlocutions, hard words, an affectation of scientific language? What is the mind "organically formed to reverence"? What is meant by the "contracted sympathies and restricted thought" of the age in which Byron was born, and, above all, what is it which Byron questioned and which has since been surrendered? Who has surrendered what? Is the orthodoxy of Mr. Disraeli himself giving way? Will he be no more on the side of the angels? Will he date no more letters on Maundy Thursday? It is perhaps a little more comfort to read directly after:—"If he fell, which he undoubtedly did, into many erroneous conclusions upon divine subjects, it may be urged for him that he was very young." And then we are told that Lord Lyndhurst spoke of Mr. Canning at fifty-six as a mere boy, and that Byron, when he died, was twenty years younger than Canning. That is to say, Mr. Disraeli, having nothing better to say, turned off the question with a joke. He cannot have seriously intended the monstrous absurdity which is the literal meaning of his own words. Mr. Sala's talk about charity, toleration, and peace may mean that no man should judge or condemn another on the ground of erroneous conclusions on divine subjects. But it is rank nonsense first to say that certain conclusions on divine subjects are erroneous, and then to excuse them on the ground that the man who makes them is only thirty-seven years old.

The Greek speaker who said that a statue of Byron is being raised at Mesolongi brought in quite another point of view. Of the position of Byron towards Greece, of the debt due by Greece to his memory, there can be no doubt at all. That is a matter which is in no way ambiguous. It is one on which it is no presumption to give a definite and precise opinion. Byron did for Greece all that he could. Had he lived longer, he would doubtless have done much more. About that, at least, there is no kind of doubt. Nor is Greece forgetful of the debt. A better monument than any statue has been raised to Byron in the grateful remembrance of the Greek nation and in the eloquent tribute of the last native historian of Greece.

THE MODERN MOTHER.

THERE was once a superstition among us that mothers were of use in society; that they had their functions and duties, without which society would not prosper or hold together, and that much of the well being of humanity, present and future, depended on them. Mothers in those days were by no means effete personages or a worn-out institution, but living powers exercising a real and pervading influence; and they were credited with an authority which they did not scruple to use when required. One of the functions recognized as specially belonging to them was that of guarding their young people from the consequences of their own ignorance, keeping them from dangers both physical and moral until wise enough to take care of themselves, and supplementing by their own experience the want of it in their children. Another was that of preserving the tone of society on a high level, and supplying the antiseptic element by which the rest was kept pure; as, for example, insisting that the language used and the subjects discussed before them were such as should not offend the modesty of virtuous women; that the people with whom they were required to associate should be moderately honest and well conducted; and, in short, as mothers, discountenancing everything in other men and women which they would not like to see imitated by their own sons and daughters. This was one of the fond superstitions of an elder time. For ourselves, we boast of our freedom from superstition in these later days, of our proud renunciation of restraints and habits which were deemed beneficial by our forefathers, of our indifference to forms, and hatred of humbug and of all that tends to fetter what is called individualism. Hence we have found that we can go on without safeguards for our young; that society does not want its matrons as the preservative ingredient for keeping it pure; and that the world is all the merrier for the loosening of bonds which once it was the duty of women to draw closer. In fact, mothers have gone out, surviving only in the form of chaperons.

More or less on the search for her own pleasure, if by any possibility of artifice she can be taken for less than sixty, still ready for odd snatches of flirting as she can find occasion, or with her faculties concentrated on the chance of winning the rubber by indifferent play, the chaperon's charge is not a very onerous one; and her daughters know as well as she does that her presence is a blind rather than a protection. They are with mamma as a form of speech, but they are left to themselves as a matter of fact. Any one who is in the confidence of young people of either sex knows a little of what goes on in the dark corners and on the steps of the stairs—a favourite anchorage for the loosely chaperoned in private houses where two hundred are invited and only a hundred can find room. But then the girls are "with

mamma," and the young men are contented souls who take what they can get without making wry faces. Mamma, occupied in her own well-seasoned coquetries, or absorbed in the chances of her deep "finesse" winning the trick, lets the girls take care of themselves, and would think it an intolerable impertinence should a friend hint to her that her place of chaperon included vigilant personal guardianship, and that she would do better to keep her daughters in her own charge than leave them to themselves. It is all very well for the advocates of youthful innocence to affect to resent the slur supposed to be cast on girlhood by the advocacy of this closer guardianship, or for those who do not know the world to make their ignorance the measure of another's knowledge, and to deny what they have not proved for themselves. Those who do know the world know what they say when they deprecate the excessive freedom which is too often granted to unmarried girls; and their warning is fully justified by experience when they call mothers back to their duty of stricter watchfulness. If indeed the young are capable of self-protection, then we grant with them that mothers are a mistake. Let them abdicate without more ado. If license is more desirable than modesty, and liberty better than reticence, the girls may as well be left, as practically they are already, free from the mother's guardianship; but if we have a doubt that way, we may as well give it the benefit of consideration, and think a little on the subject before going further on the present line.

From the first the mother, in the well-to-do classes, acts too much the part of the hen ostrich with her eggs. She trusts to the kindly influence of external circumstances, rather than to her own care to make the hatching successful. Nurses, governesses, schools, in turn relieve her of the irksome duties of maternity. She sees her little ones at their stated hour, and for the other twenty-three leaves them to receive their first indelible impress from a class which she is never tired of disparaging. As the children grow older the women by whom they are moulded and coloured may become higher in the social and intellectual scale, but they are no more than before subordinated to the mother's personal supervision. She is mainly anxious that her girls shall be taught the correct shibboleth of their station; and for the rest, if she thinks at all, she cradles herself in a generous trust in the goodness of human nature, or the incorruptibility of her brood beyond that of any other woman's brood. When they come under her own immediate hand, "finished," and ready to be introduced, she knows about as much of them as she knows of her neighbours' girls in the next square; and in nine cases out of ten the sole duties towards them which are undertaken by her are shirked when possible, as a *corvée* which she is too wise to bear unnecessarily. When she can, she shuffles them off on some kind neighbourly hands, and lets her daughters "go about" with the first person who offers, glad to have a little breathing time on her own side, and with always that generous trust in providence and vicarious protection which has marked her maternal career throughout.

In the lower half of the middle class the liberty allowed to young girls grows yearly more and more unchecked. They walk alone, travel alone, visit alone; and the gravest evils have been known to arise from the habit which modern mothers have of sending their daughters of sixteen and upwards unaccompanied in London to colleges and classes. Mamma has grown stout and lazy, and has always some important matter on hand that keeps her at home, half asleep in the easy-chair, while the girls go to and fro, and take the exercise befitting their youthful energies. Of course no harm can befall them. They are *her* daughters, and the warnings given by the keener-eyed, who have had experience, are mere invocations of the enemy and slanders against the young. So they parade the streets, dressed in the most startling and meretricious costumes of the period, and that fatal doctrine of self-protection counts its victims as the consequence. The world is fond of throwing the blame of any misfortune that may arise, now on the girl, now on the man concerned; but in honest fact that blame in a large degree belongs to the mothers who let their daughters run about the world without guide or guard. A work was given to them by nature and love to do which they have neglected, a duty which they have discarded. Whoever chooses may chaperon, accompany, mould their daughters, so long as they are freed from the trouble; and their dependence on the natural virtue of humanity and the beneficence of circumstance runs exactly parallel with their own indolence and neglect.

In preserving the tone of society pure the modern mother is as far removed from the ideal as she is in the duty of taking care of her girls. Too often she is found making herself prominent in support of the most objectionable movements; or, when doubtful questions are being discussed in mixed society, she forgets that regard for the purity of her daughters should have kept her silent, even if her own self-respect was too weak to restrain her. When the conscienceless world, living without a higher aim than that of success and what is known by getting on, condones all kinds of moral obliquity for the sake of financial prosperity and social position, do we find that, as a rule, mothers and matrons protest against opening their houses to this gilded rascality? If they did—if they made demerit and not poverty the cause of exclusion, virtue and not success the title to reception—there would be some check to the corruption which is so insolently rampant now. Women have this power in their own hands, more especially those women who are mothers. If they would only set themselves to check the inclination for loose talk and doubtful discussions which is characteristic of the present moment, they could put an end to it without delay. And so also they might stop in less than a year the torrent of

slang with which Young England floods its daily speech; and by setting themselves against the paint and dye and meretricious make-up generally of the modern girl, they might bring next quarter's fashions back to modesty and simplicity.

Women are apt to murmur at their lot as one without influence, variety, stirring purpose, space for action. But it is, on the contrary, a lot full of dignity and importance if properly regarded and fitly undertaken. If they do not lead armies, they make the characters of men who lead and are led. If they are not State Ministers or Parliamentary orators, they raise by their nobleness or degrade by their want of delicacy and refinement the souls and minds of the men who are. If they are not in the throng and press of active life, they can cheer on to high aims, or basely reward the baser methods of existence. As mothers they are the artificers who give the initial touch that lasts for life; and as women they complete what the mother began. Society is moulded mainly by them, and they bring up their daughters upon their own pattern. It is surely weak and silly then to blame society for its ignoble tone, or the young for their disorders. All men want the corrective influence of social opinion, and it is chiefly women who create that opinion. Youth, too, will ever be disorderly if it gets the chance, and the race has not yet been born that carries old heads on young shoulders. It is for the mothers to supplement by their own wisdom the gaps left by the inexperience and ignorance of youth; it is for the mothers to guide aright the steps that are apt, without that guidance, to run astray, and to guard against passions, emotions, desires, which, if left to themselves, bring only evil and disaster, but which, guarded and directed, may be turned to the best of ends. For ourselves, we deeply regret to see the rapid extinction of motherhood in its best sense, and decline to accept the modern loose-handed chaperon as its worthy substitute. We repudiate the plea of the insubordination of the young so often put forward in defence of the new state of things, for it is simply nonsense. The young are what the mothers make them, just as society is what the matrons allow it to be; and if mothers did their duty, we should hear no more of the wilfulness of the one or the shameless vagaries of the other. The remedy for each lies in their own hands only.

GUESTS AT THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY.

DANIEL O'CONNELL is reported on one occasion to have expressed his regret that the Corporation of Dublin "had neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned." It may be hoped that Ireland's greatest patriot, orator, and statesman "is inspired with more charitable sentiments now, when, in the glowing language of Dr. Otto of Paderborn, he "looks down immortal, from the eternal light which surrounds him with imperishable splendour, on the exultations and the peace of the people for whom he devoted his strength and his life." Certainly the Committee who, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, are scattering their invitations to the approaching Centenary broadcast over the face of Europe and America, have done their best to earn some gratitude at his hands. To be sure we are informed that, in the majority of instances, apologies have been received; but then the mass of correspondence contains the warmest expressions of sympathy and regret at the circumstances which prevent the writers from being present, and there is no reason to doubt that, in many cases at least, the regret is quite sincere. The German Bishops may fairly be excused if, in the present "sad and calamitous situation of their dioceses," they feel the impossibility of absenting themselves from home, even when not detained by the excellent reason that their present home is a prison; nor is it very surprising that both French and German prelates should betray a somewhat vague and misty apprehension of the claims of the great Liberator on their religious sympathies. Not indeed that their imperfect acquaintance with the details of his career and the history of his "model Catholic country" has at all cooled the fervour of their affections. On the contrary, it seems, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro mirifico*, to have kindled their ecstatic reverence to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. To the minds of the German Ultramontanes O'Connell appears as a martyred hero in conflict with some British Bismarck, whom, according to some of them, he gloriously subdued, while others appear to regard his "noble and courageous" countrymen as still engaged in the same "great cause for which he sacrificed his life." That there is not, and never was, the slightest analogy between the policy of England towards Ireland and the present ecclesiastical policy of Prince Bismarck, did not probably occur to either the inviters or the invited. It is true that at one time we persecuted Irish Roman Catholics in the good old-fashioned way, for being Roman Catholics. But if their bishops and priests were imprisoned or executed, it was either for political insubordination, or because the practice of their religion was itself a political offence. We never undertook to define the details of their ecclesiastical administration in the statute-book, and to imprison or deprive all who would not conform their sacerdotal ministrations to the letter of its requirements. On the other hand, there is not much in common between the Irish national sentiment which supported O'Connell and the Ultramontane sentiment which supports the German Bishops in their resistance to the Falk laws. In the former case religious ardour was subordinate to patriotic, to which indeed it had frequently to yield; in the latter the two are in sharp contrast, not to say collision, religious zeal being entirely in the ascendant.

This is evidently not quite the view taken by the German Bishops and politicians whose gushing effusions were the other day read out before the O'Connell Committee at Dublin. We call them "gushing" advisedly, and in fact we are almost tempted to adopt the theory of occult influences which are sometimes supposed to assimilate the handwriting of the sender of a letter to that of its destined recipient. There is surely a ring of that sonorous eloquence so characteristic of the "gifted sons of Erin"—to quote the Bishop of Wilmington's original phrase—mingling, a little oddly sometimes, with the more sober and circuitous verbiage of the nation from whom a puzzled reader once bitterly complained that "Providence had withheld the inestimable blessing of a style." Herr Auguste Reichenspergen, a member of the German Reichstag, assures the Lord Mayor of Dublin of the respect he has felt from his youth for "the Liberator of a nation destined to be a model and a solace to all Catholics suffering under persecution," and then goes on to express his profound regret that he cannot assist at the celebration of this great festival, in language which to the duller ear of a Saxon would seem to suggest that O'Connell had fallen on the battlefield in the great Celtic cause, and his noble countrymen were still devoting their lives in the same unequal combat. Another member of the Reichstag, Count Ballenstedt, offers his homage to the "faithful Irish who did and suffered so much for the liberty of our Holy Church," which, however, they have always rated very much lower than their own. Bishop Ketteler of Mayence, who is of course unable to leave his diocese, is so far in advance of Herr Reichenspergen that he is aware that the conflict, whatever it was, in which O'Connell was engaged is now happily at an end. He therefore prays—we are dependent, it must be remembered, throughout on the *Times*' Correspondent for the English, or rather un-English, version of the original—that "Ireland may be a glorious example to ourselves in the actual heavy conflict, so that God may give us also to celebrate once the victory of religious liberty, as it is now to be done by the Irish people." Bishop Ketteler used to write tolerably lucid German, so we hope his translator has done him an injustice. With Prince-Bishop Förster's style we are less familiar, but his correspondents were no doubt gratified to learn that, if he "was not himself a *jubilant*," and the Church in such deplorable affliction, he would not have hesitated to undertake even so long a voyage as to Ireland, "which, on account of its object, would become for me a relief of mind and heart." Another member of the German Parliament, who is also a Chamberlain of the Pope, Dr. Adam Bank, not being "a *jubilant*," or a Bishop, "deems it a duty to honour, for his insignificant part, Ireland's greatest citizen," and promises to attend the Centenary. But the two most gushing and voluminous of these German replies come from Dr. Otto of Paderborn and Prince Edward Radziwill. Both of them adroitly contrive, in paying their compliments to the "immortal" hero and his "dear countrymen," to say one word for Ireland and two for the suffering Church in Germany. Dr. Otto, after quoting from O'Connell's proclamation on the day of his imprisonment, proceeds as follows:—

These words will be fulfilled and verified during the days of the Centenary in the most splendid fashion. Ireland's greatest patriot, orator, and statesman, the immortal O'Connell, looks down from the eternal light which surrounds him with imperishable splendour, upon the exultations and peace of the people for whom he devoted his strength and his life. No king: never for his people, no general for his army, no shepherd for his flock—nay, scarcely felt a father for his children, a love more deep, more tender, more careful and generous than O'Connell for his dear countrymen. He loved them alone, lived and breathed for them alone. Therefore his last German biographer says rightly, The supporters of the exclusive State without religion will wait a very considerable time before attracting to themselves but a single patriot such as O'Connell was.

Prince Edward Radziwill, who writes from Ostrovo in Posen, has the double advantage of being able not only to express his own most lively gratitude for the "honourable invitation" he has received, but also to inform the Lord Mayor that he has sent "the precious document" to the imprisoned Cardinal Ledochowski, whom he has since had the happiness of visiting in his captivity; and he is therefore in a position to become the interpreter of his Eminence's "most loving sentiments"; and as the Cardinal is not able to write an answer himself to the invitation, much less to accept it, he "will never cease to unite his prayers with those of the noble Irish people that all the good which the great champion of the Catholic cause has inaugurated may be developed and prosper for the glory of God and salvation of the souls." Prince Radziwill, who is not in prison, is able to announce that he shall have the honour to present himself at the banquet, but even on this joyful occasion *surgit amari aliquid*. "A rather sad circumstance" had already put him under the obligation of going to London in order to escort some sisters of a suppressed Prussian convent. At such a time the consolation was most opportune which "opened before me the perspective to go and see the Island of Saints, and to witness one of the grandest manifestations of Catholic life."

The French prelates are sympathetic, but as a rule less grandiose and demonstrative in their expressions of sympathy. Cardinal Bonnechose excuses himself on account of a ceremony at which two hundred of his clergy are to take part in the first week of August. The Bishop of Bayeux had unfortunately fixed the same period for holding his diocesan synod, but will associate himself in heart with the memory of the great O'Connell. Cardinal Regnier would have been charmed to come had it been possible, but regrets that it is not, and is therefore obliged to content himself with observing that Catholic France shares the grateful admiration of Ireland for her immortal Liberator. The Bishop of Liège would have been

equally delighted to take part in those patriotic and religious solemnities, but that he is obliged to seek relief for a suffering limb from the salutary waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, and also "the beautiful fêtes will coincide with the consecration of his Coadjutor." There is one French Bishop, however, whose presence may well compensate for the absence of his colleagues, who is more outspoken, and who intends to come. Mgr. Dupanloup of Orleans hopes to seize this auspicious occasion for gratifying the wish he has long cherished of visiting "dear Ireland," and giving "to Irishmen that testimony of his lively and deep sympathy for themselves and the great man whom they are about to honour in a manner worthy of Ireland and himself." It is hardly to be wondered at that the American prelates should hesitate about crossing the Atlantic twice in honour of O'Connell, but they at least do not stint their panegyrics. The Archbishop of Quebec will unite in spirit and heart to celebrate the Centenary of "Ireland's greatest orator, patriot, and statesman." The Bishop of Wilmington goes further, and, while regretting his inability to be present, begs leave to propose a sentiment:—"May the language of St. Patrick, of Owen Ruidh, and of the lamented O'Connell, never want a representative of equal ability in Church, field, and State." It is only a natural response to these glowing compliments when the Lord Mayor, in a subsequent proclamation to the people of Ireland, announces his hope that at the approaching solemnity "the great soul of O'Connell will walk abroad in its majesty, infusing itself into every artery and limb of the nation he loved so well, regulating the ardour of the young, and rekindling in aged breasts the fires of Tara."

On the whole, the Committee have no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of their labours. They will have the presence of some distinguished orators and many highly oratorical letters from distinguished absentees to grace the banquet on the evening of the 6th of August. There does not indeed appear to be the same unanimity of sentiment about the matter at home as abroad. Some of the Irish nobility are reported to have deprecated the celebration altogether, and it is clear from a paper of Mr. Pope Hennessy's in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* that there is a serious split among Irish Catholics as to the merits of O'Connell, and of the policy which his name represents. It was not of course to be expected in this age of centenaries and jubilees that on such an occasion the great Liberator would be left unhonoured and unsung. But it is rather amusing to observe the mutual eagerness of the Irish Committee to make capital for patriotic purposes out of the Catholic reputation of the persecuted Bishops of Germany, and of the German confessors to make capital for religious purposes out of the "glorious example" of the hero who fought and suffered so nobly for the liberty of the Holy Church. We do not grudge to either party any satisfaction or solace they may derive from this exuberant interchange of sympathy, but we must confess that the suggested parallel between the condition of Catholic Ireland and Catholic Germany reminds us not a little of the answer said to have been made by the late Bishop of Exeter to a young lady who had been decanting in rapturous terms on the close resemblance between Torquay and Switzerland:—"Exactly so, only that at Torquay there are no mountains, and in Switzerland there is no sea."

KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS.

IT should be clearly understood that barracks are necessary at Knightsbridge, and that the present barracks must stand until Parliament is willing to build new ones. Like prisons, hospitals, and workhouses, barracks have got to be somewhere, and as barracks for cavalry have been placed for sound military reasons where they are, the neighbourhood must just put up with them. Lord Cardwell, instead of hoping that Government would see their way to a settlement of the question, would do better to support his successors in office by saying what he must feel, that there is no question which requires settlement. It would no doubt be pleasant to dispense, not only with barracks, but with soldiers, armies, and even Secretaries for War. But unfortunately the millennium has not commenced. It may be true that, as a metropolitan improvement, the removal of the barracks would be advantageous; but what of that? Many Continental towns would profit largely by the removal of fortifications which surround them, but military necessities are paramount. We cannot afford to reduce the efficiency of our small army by making it inaccessible. But if the country likes to pay for a more sightly and convenient structure at Knightsbridge, let us have it. The statements made in the House of Lords as to the healthiness of the present barracks are all the more gratifying because they take us slightly by surprise. However, if the War Office is satisfied in a sanitary point of view, there is no more to be said, at least at present. We believe that Lord Cardwell's plan of brigade depôts has involved the War Office in as much brick and mortar as it can well do with, and of course it will avoid as long as it can the disagreeable necessity of asking Parliament for a large sum of money, particularly for a purpose which cannot be represented as part of some grand and comprehensive plan. The Duke of Cambridge mentioned a proposal to remove the barracks to Millbank, notwithstanding the fact that that situation had been reported on as not being sufficiently healthy for the abode of convicts. Probably the persons who made the proposal would deny that Millbank is unhealthy. It is, however, indisputable that epidemics have been frequent among the convicts located there, and besides it is a miserable and melancholy spot, far away

from that Park where horses can be exercised and flirtation practised; and moreover it is remote from the places where, if at all, the services of troops would be likely to be required. When we hear of a monster meeting in Hyde Park, it is always a comfort to reflect that the Life Guards are within easy call. It must always be remembered that the police of London is a small force for the work it has to do, and behind it there are only the Household troops; and, without making too much fuss about the arrangements, these troops ought always to be stationed where they will be readily available. From Knightsbridge the Life Guards can move either along Piccadilly or by the Park and Oxford Street; and, by one or other of these routes, they could reach almost any scene of possible disturbance. When London was placed in a condition of defence in 1848, the plan of the disturbers of public tranquillity was to assemble their supporters on Kennington Common, and move thence over Westminster Bridge towards the Houses of Parliament. In fact an open place of meeting would always be needed for any plan of the kind, and both Hyde Park and Regent's Park, which offer themselves for this purpose, have a cavalry barrack in their immediate neighbourhood. It is hardly necessary to say that for dispersing a mob speedily and effectually there is nothing like cavalry if it has room to act.

But it is not necessary to contend that Knightsbridge is the best possible situation for a barrack. It is enough to say that the barrack is there, and if it were removed from there it must be put in some other convenient place. The body calling itself the Knightsbridge Improvement Committee is, as we quite understand, indifferent to everything except the narrow interests of the locality. It would be a small matter to them that the Life Guards might suffer in health at Millwall so long as they could be improved away from Knightsbridge. What is evidently uppermost in their minds is not the welfare of London or England, but simply the amenity of residence at Prince's Gate. They sent a deputation to the First Commissioner of Works, and as the present Government is civil to everybody, that official heard what they had to say. If they had gone to Mr. Hardy, he would scarcely have been able to escape the necessity which he and his colleagues so much deprecate of having a mind and speaking it. But the Commissioner of Works was spared this disagreeable duty. He could be polite and indefinite, and if the deputation were satisfied, nobody else need have complained, if they had not used strong and scarcely justifiable language as regards the barracks and their occupants. Their memorial spoke of these barracks and their natural associations which defiled and vitiated the neighbourhood, and we join with Lord Lucan in considering a subsequent statement that they meant no aspersion on the character of the troops as unsatisfactory. It seems to come pretty much to this, that they do not object particularly to these troops, but generally to all troops, as having natural associations of an objectionable character. When, however, they are pressed for further details, they mention certain unsightly public-houses, which, if they were a real Improvement Committee, they might be equal to getting rid of. It is certain, at any rate, that the military authorities would be glad if these public-houses could be removed, and the task of removing them would, we should think, be less than that of removing the barracks. It would be idle to deny that what are called "slums" have a tendency to group around military quarters. But this tendency may be checked, and any officer commanding troops would earnestly desire that it should be checked. The Duke of Cambridge says that the Life Guards are not allowed to go into these neighbouring public-houses, and no doubt their barracks are supplied with those conveniences which are intended as a substitute. But, however called into existence, there is this "slum," and it is one of many instances in London of the juxtaposition of mean-ness and even filth with splendour.

Lord Cardwell's hope of inducing a better class of men to enter the army must be considerably damped by observing that even educated people reckon filth and vice among the natural associations of a barrack. In fact, we treat our soldiers as Americans treat their negroes; we are full of sympathy, but prefer to display it from a distance. But after this discussion in the House of Lords it may probably be taken as settled that there must be barracks at or near Knightsbridge, and, this being so, the Improvement Committee will do well to exert themselves to get the barracks rebuilt. We are glad to learn from a letter in the *Times*, signed "Henry De Worms," that the writer did not, when he addressed the First Commissioner of Works, presume to question the strategical advantages of these barracks; neither did he, nor did any member of the deputation, to the best of his recollection, cast any aspersions whatever on the conduct of the troops quartered there. We observe, however, that Mr. De Worms does not refer to the phrase "natural associations" which the Earl of Normanton quoted in the House of Lords from a memorial said to be presented by the deputation. On the sanitary question, it appears to us that the deputation is more nearly right. We can hardly believe that these barracks are so prodigiously healthy as speakers in the House of Lords represent. Lord Lucan produced some returns which, as he said, disclosed a degree of healthiness among the soldiers which their lordships would be glad to secure for themselves. We almost wonder that some jaded peer does not enlist in the Life Guards to recruit his health. The Duke of Cambridge treated it as proved that these barracks are more healthy than those of Regent's Park or Windsor. Lord Cadogan says that in a sanitary point of view the War Department is satisfied with the existing state of things. Lord Hampton says

that, when he was at the War Office, the buildings were in a military and sanitary point of view admirably suited for the purpose to which they were put. On the other hand, Mr. De Worms quotes from the *Lancet* for 1868 a statement that "seven years ago the Barrack Commissioners reported this barrack to be one of the worst in the United Kingdom, and from radical defects in its structure not admitting of material improvement." We must remember that when barracks first began to be built in England, the notions which prevailed as to accommodation for soldiers were very limited, and we should expect to find these barracks much behind the modern standard in many respects. Nevertheless the Duke of Cambridge says that such improvements as are necessary could be effected without any great expense. The member of the deputation who called these barracks a "foul fever den" was probably speaking under a supposed necessity for strong language, and he may have meant no more than that there have been cases of fever among the soldiers quartered in them. We have heard of a schoolboy who wrote home to his friends that he was "surrounded by the dying and the dead." It afterwards appeared that one of his school-fellows had died. When Lord Lucan comes forward with returns furnished by the surgeon of his regiment we must assume their accuracy. We can at any rate believe that these barracks are more healthy than the War Office, of which Mr. Hardy gave to the House of Commons a lamentable account on the same night that this discussion occurred in the House of Lords. The drainage and ventilation of the building are very bad, and four officers have died since 1871, but whether or not from these causes Mr. Hardy cannot tell. They may have died of grief at the abolition of purchase in the army.

If a count-out had not occurred, this question of Knightsbridge Barracks would have come before the House of Commons on Tuesday night. Mr. J. R. Yorke, writing to the *Standard*, says, that having regard to the "bad sanitary condition" of these barracks, he undertook to bring the subject forward. We do not think, however, that he will gain many adherents to his plan of pulling down the present barracks and building others near the powder magazine in the Park. "The spacious boulevard flanked on the south side by a row of first-class houses" would be profitable to landowners and builders, while the metropolis would suffer by cutting up the Park. Supposing the present barracks to be pulled down and the site cleared, we do not doubt that the land opposite to it would enormously increase in value for the benefit, probably, of some lucky speculators. But without pulling down the barracks, it is possible that this land might be applied to some better purpose than it now is. Some effort should certainly be made to get rid of the obnoxious public-houses.

FRENCH DRAMATIC JOURNALISM.

ONE of the striking differences between the journalism of Paris and of London consists in the great amount of attention which is given by the Paris papers to theatrical affairs. In Paris the culture of the drama takes rank with that of other arts, and the production of a new piece is an event which arouses as much interest and provokes as much discussion as does in England a startling speech in the Chamber or a daring assertion in the pulpit. When there is no new piece to excite unusual attention the critics of Paris can find occupation in the constantly shifting performances at the Théâtre Français. This is a condition of things which unfortunately does not exist in London, and such able critics as M. Sarcey of the *Temps* or M. Vitu of the *Figaro* would find but little material here to work upon. It is probably the fact that people are always inclined to be discontented with what they have and to invest what some one else has with ideal excellences, which causes the belief among Frenchmen that English criticism is, in its way, the best, the most independent, and the least venal in the world. No doubt the poverty of English dramatic criticism is partly due to the poverty of the English drama; and this will account to some extent for the difference between the English and the French playgoing public. The English playgoer has often shown that he can appreciate what is good, but he will also accept with the greatest content and meekness what is bad. In Paris not only the critics but the audiences are critical. A Parisian will go to a play expecting from it emotion or amusement, or both. If his expectations are gratified, he will return radiant, cheerful, pleased with himself and his kind. If they are disappointed, a deep gloom enshrouds him; this goodly frame, the earth, seems to him a sterile promontory; and to inquiries or attempts at consolation, he answers with a sorrow which enjoins silence, "J'ai perdu ma soirée." The English playgoer visits most theatres with no high hopes, and, expecting little, is not much disappointed if he finds nothing.

Besides the serious criticism which analyses the merits and faults of plays and players, there is in the Parisian press another kind, which takes the theatrical world as matter for everyday comment and banter; which finds in it subjects for ridicule in which there is no ill nature, or for suggestions full of a pleasant malice. The sort of light jesting which here abounds would hardly be possible in the press of other nations. It is difficult to deal in personalities without becoming offensive; and when other than French writers attempt to play with edged tools of this description, they generally succeed in cutting somebody's fingers, very often their own. The skill with which these dangers may be avoided is exhibited from day to day in the clever paragraphs

which appear in *Le Figaro* on the subject of theatrical movement with the signature of "Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre." It is seldom that things written in illustration of passing fashions and events are worth republication, but the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" has so much fun and liveliness that a collection of his articles written during the last year and entitled *Les Soirées Parisiennes* makes a book which it is pleasant to take up in an odd half-hour. Nor is the book without value beyond that of its power of amusing. The details concerning the accessories of a piece, the innovations which certain actors introduced or wished to introduce, the difficulties with which a manager had to contend, in the relation of which the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" delights, will be in future times a record, not only of interest to the curious, but of value to a manager who wishes to reproduce a piece of the present day. This is well pointed out in the preface written for the *Soirées Parisiennes*, by M. Offenbach, who further remarks:—"What a pity it is that such an idea was not carried out long ago! How interesting it would be to come upon an account of the first production of one of Molière's plays. What stories could not you who tell of the battles of which the stage is the field, when the curtain rises to an audience which is observant but implacable, have given us of the combats in which Molière engaged like a colonel at the head of his regiment." Molière did indeed resemble a military commander in this, that he was constantly engaged in drilling his company, in stimulating them to fresh efforts by the memory of former victories, and making of achieved successes a stepping-stone to greater ones. Any one who takes the trouble to read the *Impromptu de Versailles* will see what importance Molière attached to the training of his players. The piece represents a rehearsal of a comedy which is to be represented before the King, and we find such passages as this occurring in it:—"Molière (à La Grange). Allons, parlez. La Grange. Bon jour, Marquis. Molière. Mon dieu! ce n'est point là le ton d'un marquis; il faut le prendre un peu plus haut; et la plus part de ces messieurs affectent une manière de parler particulière pour se distinguer du commun. Bon jour, marquis. Recommencez donc. Later on, Brécourt, in pronouncing the simple word *Quoi*, assumes too much the manner which is ridiculed throughout the piece, and draws from Molière a reproof in these terms:—"Bon. Voilà l'autre qui prend le ton de marquis; ne vous ai-je pas dit que vous faites un rôle où l'on doit parler naturellement?"

The "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," however, whose papers have suggested this digression, does not trouble himself much with considerations on the science of acting; he notes the peculiar or ridiculous circumstances which arise from dramatic passing events, shoots folly as it flies, and finds matter for jesting without any air of hunting for it. He goes to the ceremonious performance of the *Malade Imaginaire* on Mardi Gras at the Français, where the actors pass solemnly across the stage and bow to the audience, and amuses himself by taking notes of their different manners of bowing. M. Mounet-Sully makes a "salut romantique, les yeux tournés vers le balcon, les lèvres contractées par un sourire plein de tristesse. Antony devait saluer ainsi." M. Burton's is a "salut mélancolique, salut timide, salut de jeune homme à marier." Mlle. Favart "se plie en deux, et ne se redresse que quand on a fini de l'applaudir. Les spectateurs, de leur côté, ne cessent de battre les mains que quand elle s'est redressée." How under these circumstances the bow is ever brought to an end is left to the reader's imagination. At one time there was a kind of quarrel between the *Figaro* and the management of the Vaudeville, and the paper indulged in various sly hits at the theatre which were repaid on the production of a new piece called *Marcelle*. In the first scene of this one of the characters was supposed to fall asleep over a newspaper, and the newspaper selected for this purpose was the *Figaro*. The "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" was, however, equal to the situation. In his first paragraph after the representation of the play he stated that, when the time came for the sleeping character to be aroused, the whole audience cried, "Don't wake him." The actors at first were puzzled by this exclamation, but its reason soon appeared:—"La salle toute entière avait ses lunettes braquées sur le *Figaro* et lisait le *Monsieur de l'Orchestre*." On occasions the writer deals in satire, which is intended, in spite of its lightness, to have a serious effect. Speaking of the *Demi-Monde*, he comments ironically upon the reputation of immorality which for a long time attached to the piece, and quotes some detached speeches, the bearing of which is no doubt eminently moral. One character asserts that a widow should never marry again for fear of becoming a stranger to her children; another puts forth the singular theory that to steal the love of a friend's wife is not an honourable action; and a third says:—"Il existe entre les honnêtes gens un lien mystérieux qui les unit avant même qu'ils se connaissent." What a picture of society does this suggest! A state of things in which men of honour are so few and so far between that they immediately recognize each other by a kind of freemasonry. Parisian society is hardly so corrupt as M. Dumas suggests; and were it so, it might be doubted whether the moral intention of his plays would set right the time which seems to him so much out of joint. But the *Figaro* when it chooses to be serious shows itself well aware of the dangerous tendency of the plays which, with what one must take to be the best intentions, dwell upon the evil side of human nature, and assume it to be the predominant one. Not many weeks ago a bitterly sarcastic article appeared in its pages inveighing against the utter frivolity which at that time possessed the Parisian theatres, at one of which a real steam-engine, at another an exceptionally indecent operetta, and at a third and more important one a play which inculcated

morality by giving a vivid picture of immoral life, formed the chief attraction. This article, however, was of a different calibre from those of the writer of whom we have been speaking, and whose business it is to provide gaiety from day to day in a few sparkling paragraphs. One of the most amusing chapters in his collection is that which is headed "Les Souffleurs," and gives an account of the peculiarities of various prompters. One prompter was so carried away by his interest in what passed on the stage that he entirely forgot his duties, and applauded or derided the actors when he ought to have given them the word. Another was obliged to leave his post by reason of his susceptible temperament, which caused his attention to wander whenever an attractive actress came near his desk. A manager who was afflicted with a prompter of this kind had the happy idea of replacing him by a "souffleuse." "Mais voyez sa malice. Il ne put pas la garder. Elle donnait des distractions à son jeune premier."

These collected articles of the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" contain a vast quantity of anecdotes, sometimes dull, sometimes amusing, all of which will have their value one day as evidences of those attributes of the time which are too trivial to find a place in serious record, but which have their meaning. In some, indeed, it is difficult to find any meaning, as is shown by the anecdote told of M. Victor Hugo's *Hernani*. This play was sent into the censorship with the following description of the scene in the fifth act:—"Le théâtre représente Saragosse, la ville aux cent clochers." The censorship returned the manuscript with this note:—"La vue de Saragosse est autorisée, mais pas celle des clochers." One might regret the want in the London press of anything like the light chronicle which the *Figaro* gives of the drama's movements, and of the changes in public taste which follow or guide them; only in London there are no materials for it.

THE BOOKING-OFFICE NUISANCE.

THE friend of humanity sees few more saddening sights in ordinary life than that presented by a railway station at this season. Mr. Frith crowded all kinds of adventure and excitement into his famous picture, but in doing so he destroyed its truth. The most melancholy thing to be seen in a real station is the regular and unbroken uniformity of the travellers' troubles. All suffer for the same reason and in the same way. Ten minutes or so before the train is advertised to start, a rattle is heard in the booking-office, which has been likened to the clatter accompanying the fall of the fatal axe in the guillotine. The little window whence tickets are to be slowly and, as it were, grudgingly, dispensed is open. The interested observer may now see human nature displayed in some of its worst aspects. Everybody seems to have suddenly lost all presence of mind. Politeness has vanished. A kind of idiocy has benumbed the faculties of all. A long queue has been formed; perhaps twenty or thirty people stand in a row at the box, and every now and then one of them has to summon the clerk by rapping the counter with a coin. The clerk, when he reappears, seems quite put out by the sudden and unexpected demand for a ticket. Evidently it is the last thing he thought to be asked for. A long reference to a printed list, a long search through a case of a hundred pigeon, or rather sparrow, holes, and a short consultation with another clerk, follow the unprecedented request. Meanwhile the traveller has leisure to survey the throng which so urgently pushes him from behind. There is the mother of seven or seventeen children, all of whom have to be brought up in front of the trapdoor that the clerk may see they are under twelve. There is the young foreign lady, with a precious bonnet in a fragile handbox. There is the country squire, who was never so squeezed in his life. There is the rude commercial gentleman, who treads on everybody's toes, and who is the only person to whom the clerk shows the slightest civility. There is the little schoolgirl, and the breathless invalid, and the puzzled old lady, and the third-class maid-servant, who has to fall out of the rank, and seek hopelessly for another trapdoor. Hurry, bustle, confusion, rudeness, pushing and swearing, these are the chief characteristics of the scene, and are all suddenly hushed by the advent of a guard, who, announcing that it is time to take seats, closes the double door leading to the platform, and places himself by it to inspect the tickets, as, again forming in Indian file, the travellers pass one by one through the narrow aperture left to them. Then down again comes the guillotine with a bang, and all is over. This is not an exaggerated account of what happens at Paddington, Waterloo, and Charing Cross, and a dozen other places every hour during every autumn day.

The exact object of the great booking-office nuisance it is not easy to guess. It cannot be to add to the gains of the railways. If the Postmaster-General wished to lessen the number of letters posted, and to make the revenues of the Post Office more manageable, let us say, he could do it in a moment by issuing a decree that no letter or parcel was to be put into the box without a stamp purchased by the sender himself, or in his presence, at most only ten minutes before the despatch of the mail. Such a course of action would probably diminish the income of the department a full half at once. A few years' trial of it would bring the Post Office to the embarrassed condition at present enjoyed by most Railway Companies. Yet this is precisely the policy which the Railway Companies adopt. Tickets, as a rule, are to be had only at the station, and only on the very day when they are required

and at the interval of a few minutes before the train starts for which they are issued. It is true that here and there the system is getting to be slightly relaxed. Tickets for Epsom are to be had before the Derby Day at a few railway offices in accessible places. The Midland sells tickets at Charing Cross, Ludgate Circus, and Regent Circus; and the London and Brighton has also an office at Regent Circus. But such exceptions, which are attended, so far as we know, with no loss to the Companies, and with an immense gain in convenience to travellers, are only exceptions, and nothing more. We are not concerned to elaborate plans for railway "stamps." There is no occasion for us to suggest that passengers should be able to judge of the expense of a journey by its distance, or to propose any method by which a journey might be broken when and where the traveller liked. The mysteries connected with traffic receipts and such things are too profound for ordinary minds. But it may not be going too far to remark that within the districts in which the old penny post succeeded so well, the metropolitan lines might try an experiment with uniform rates and tickets to be bought by the dozen or the hundred at a stationer's. Something of this kind is already in operation among the practical and thrifty Scotch, and it might be made to apply both to passengers and parcels. As the shooting season approaches, and hampers of game begin to make their appearance in town, it would be a sweet boon to the recipients of presents to have no more misgivings as to whether it is cheaper to pay for a box of grouse from the Highlands or to purchase an equal number of brace at the poulterer's. In Mr. Parsloe's article on "Railway Reform," in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, the anomalous and inconvenient state of the parcels traffic is very fully described. It appears that the Railway Companies have deliberately set themselves against allowing their goods tariff to be known. By the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1873 it is provided that "every Railway Company and Canal Company shall keep at each of their stations and wharves a book or books showing every rate for the time being charged for the carriage of traffic." This is distinct enough, yet it is only with the greatest difficulty that access can be obtained to this rate-book; and indeed the Railway Commissioners have just had to be appealed to to enforce the law. It has also been officially reported that "at very few stations visited was it found that what is required by the Act to be done had been duly attended to." But even when the rate-book can be got at, it throws very little light on the exact charges for different kinds of goods, inasmuch as these are subject to a Clearing House classification which is "private and not for publication." Some idea of the wild eccentricity of this table may be gathered from the fact that there is a difference of 25 per cent. between the rates for clock-weights and the rates for weights for weighing, and that iron ladles are classed with glass tumblers and charged 20 per cent. more than frying-pans. We have referred to this point not so much on account of the particular abuse which is involved as because it is a striking illustration of the spirit in which the Railway Companies generally delight to do business. They appear to take the greatest possible pains to bewilder and mystify their passengers. Every Company is compelled by law to hang up in every ticket-office a list of fares from that station to all other stations to which passengers are booked. This regulation is usually nominally complied with, but in a way which altogether defeats the object in view; that is to say, the list of fares is written out in small figures with faint ink, and then "skied," like an outsider's picture at the Academy; so that it is beyond the power of ordinary eyesight to decipher it. In some cases the list is not to be found at all. The proper course would be of course that, in addition to a legible tariff conspicuously exhibited, the amount of each fare should be printed on the ticket itself, so that the passenger who purchases it may check the clerk's demand.

A criminal case which occurred the other day has given rise to a suspicion that bad money is circulated by railway clerks; and there can be no doubt that there is at least a good deal of systematic swindling in the way of short change. And this is the natural result of such a system. The artificial bustle, confusion and disorder naturally reduce passengers to such a state of helplessness that they are absolutely at the mercy of the clerks, to whom, with their small salaries, the temptation to eke out a livelihood by cheating is almost irresistible. It is difficult to ascertain the fare, and there is no time to count the change or settle any dispute. On the other hand, even when clerks are honest, mistakes are inevitable under such a system. The remedy is of course obvious enough. There ought to be more booking offices, a larger staff of clerks, and a simpler and less complicated tariff. It might be supposed that in any business the great object of a trader would be to push his wares to the utmost extent, but on the very threshold railway passengers are confronted by a strange incivility, indeed we may almost say brutality, of treatment, for it amounts to brutality in the case of the aged or infirm, ladies, and sensitive people generally. There is hardly any ordeal which one would not pass through rather than take a ticket at a railway-station wicket. Apart from the physical suffering, and, in cases of crowding, danger of the act, it produces a feeling of irritation and humiliation which is very hard to bear. It cannot be doubted that the Companies have a vast revenue to open up in the classes whom they now drive away by their foolish rudeness and want of consideration. If greater facilities were afforded for booking, especially booking at hotels, bookseller's shops, and other central points, it might give a little more trouble

at first, but a rich return would be obtained in the growth of traffic. Nothing can be more amazing than to observe how the railways at present exert themselves to vex passengers with all sorts of idle and fantastic tricks. Take return tickets, for instance; some are available for a day, some for two days, or a week, a fortnight, or a month, as if it could possibly make any difference to the Company when the passengers returned; and in many cases no advantage is given by the double ticket, as it is charged for at the price of two single ones, and is liable to be lost. The excursion tickets are also limited in an equally unreasonable way. On the lines to Devonshire there is an absurd rule that excursion tickets shall be issued only in pairs, as if every excursionist had a wife or a friend to travel with. Apart from the engineering work, there is really no business which is conducted with such fussy imbecility and want of ordinary common sense as that of the railways.

There can be little doubt that the Railway Companies might make a great deal more out of excursionists if they would abolish the excursion system, which is the cause of more than half of the bad accidents, and introduce greater elasticity into the working of return tickets. We have no alternative, as the railway ticket system is at present constituted, of taking such an excursion by rail as may be taken on foot or in a carriage. To a tired man, all whose movements for weeks at a time, perhaps for months, have been regulated beforehand, the best possible relaxation is the feeling that he is free from any engagement. He would like if he could to travel till he saw a picturesque village or a fine view, and then to get out of the train and stay awhile and see it nearer. He may enjoy sketching. He may be interested in Early English Churches, or in agricultural statistics, or in lunatic asylums, or in monumental brasses. As he is whirled along in a train, his ticket taken for some distant place, he comes perhaps unexpectedly on a country village in which, as he may remember, the object he most wishes to see is to be found. But though the train stops at a station near, he may not stop; if he does, he forfeits his ticket. He can get tourist tickets to Killarney or Cumberland or the Highlands, but he may not stop to look at anything nearer home unless he has expressly booked for it. How many of the thousands who annually go to Windermere and Carlisle, Melrose, and other distant places, have ever visited King's Langley, or Dunstable, or Berkhamstead, though they have passed them within a few hundred yards, and though they would gladly pay them a visit? The expense of a short tour, say, within thirty miles of London, is almost prohibitory to any one who has to count shillings. Certain spots are marked for the general excursionist. He must go to Herne Bay, to Hampton Court, to Rosherville, to spend a happy day. But he may not stop at any point by the way. Many of us are better acquainted with antiquities which lie five hundred miles away than with others in which we take an equal or greater interest which are not ten miles from us. We have explored Bruges, but we have never seen Eltham. We are familiar with Rosslyn, but have never been at Hatfield. We know Haddon well, but have hardly ever heard of Ingatestone. At this time of year it would be delightful to many persons to be able to go to a railway station and take the next train going anywhere, and stop as soon as some pleasant-looking place was reached, with no unreasonable loss of money or forfeiture of tickets. And there is no reason in the world why a busy man should have to choose between a long journey, with a month's absence from his office, and the alternative of no holiday at all. Two or three days here, two or three there, a vague, unfettered excursion of twenty or thirty miles, repeated several times in the course of the autumn, would do a man twice the good of a tour in Scotland, with the apprehension that everything is going wrong at home, and the certain prospect of a month's unanswered letters waiting for him when he returns.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

ONCE more we return to the vexed question of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. Mr. Murray, the British Consul at Portland, states, as the result of his own observation and inquiries, that, however this law may have succeeded in country villages and places easy of supervision in Maine, it is impossible to prevent the sale of liquors and drunkenness in the larger towns. If, he says, this be the real state of the case, and as two distinct laws, one for the country and another for the towns, cannot be thought of, it appears to follow that a stringent licence law, efficiently enforced, would further temperance more than the present Prohibitory Law, which is rendered inefficient and obnoxious by its severity.

The Governor of the State, in a recent address to the Legislature, quoted statistics showing that there had been during the past year in the Supreme Court alone 276 convictions, forty-one commitments to gaol, and 30,898 dollars collected in fines under the laws—"more of each than in any other year." The Governor infers from these statistics that the prohibitory laws have been enforced generally and effectively, and with satisfactory results in diminishing dram-shops and intemperance, and he attributes this result to the "improved temperance sentiment" which has been created by moral efforts in his State. But he admits that in some of the larger towns and villages the results are not so satisfactory, although even there, as compared with thirty years ago, there has been improvement. The Governor, who is a Prohibitionist, finds these statistics consolatory, but Mr.

Murray, more justly, as we think, infers from the number of convictions the large amount of drinking that goes on notwithstanding the penalties attached to it. The Governor argues that the law against intemperance could not be enforced unless a temperance sentiment prevailed, or, in other words, that the fact of intemperance shows a sentiment of temperance. He might just as well argue that the frequency of hanging shows respect for human life. Mr. Murray, on the other hand, argues that the fact of intemperance proves intemperance. In Massachusetts the Governor addresses the Legislature on this question in plain terms. He is opposed to this law because of its failure, and because he believes that its execution, or what has been called its execution, has tended to corrupt the administration of law in the State. This law, he says, has practically degenerated from a prohibitory law of the most stringent form into a licence law of the most corrupt character. When the terrors of the law are used for the purposes of private gain and political influence, the cause of morals is not advancing. He sees no need for statistics. There are facts enough, obvious to common observation, to demonstrate that the results which ought to be accomplished by legislation have not been among the fruits of the existing law. He believes that the sale of intoxicating liquors in many of the cities and towns of the State has never been larger, bolder, more open, or undisguised than during the twenty years of its prohibitory history. Nothing less than the united moral influence of the people can give practical strength to such a law; and this united influence the present law does not possess. It has still a large number of supporters whose character and motives are as pure as their earnestness and zeal are unquestionable. But it finds among its opponents a large number of persons of equal purity and intelligence having a kindred zeal in the same cause. This party believes that the continued existence of this law will retard rather than advance the cause of temperance, and that it will by the influences which it has created, and the agencies to which it has given birth, continue to corrupt the administration of law and to degrade political action. With such a sentiment existing against it, its friends can scarcely hope for it any substantial success, unless it can gain a respect which it does not now possess. But events have shown that, instead of gaining, it has been losing public favour, that the number of its friends has been diminishing, and the number of its opponents increasing, and that the popular judgment is now against it. The Governor of Massachusetts concludes by recommending to the Legislature the repeal of the existing prohibitory law, and the enactment in its stead of a law which shall place the sale of intoxicating liquors in responsible hands, and shall surround such sale with the strongest practicable limitations, restraints, and safeguards.

Mr. Murray's Report is dated 18th February last, and the speeches and articles which he quotes were then recent. It would be difficult, we think, to deny the force of this summing-up by the Governor of Massachusetts of the results of twenty years of prohibition in that State. Mr. Murray tells us that an acknowledged drawback to the temperance cause is the mixing it up with political issues, the Republican party, as a rule, being prohibitionists, and the Democratic party taking the opposite view. This may be supposed to lead in many instances to insincerity, to use a mild term. But if it be thought that politicians have injured prohibition, it is equally probable that prohibition has injured politicians. An article in a Chicago paper undertakes to show that prohibition had been one of the most active causes of the late Republican defeat, and then proceeds to argue that prohibition is not only impolitic, but impracticable. It refers to the statistics of Maine, and deduces from them that "prohibition does not prohibit," and that it is not only a wise policy, but a plain duty, for the Republican party to have nothing more to do with it. We will not go into these statistics, but it may be interesting to remark that there is in Maine a State Commission appointed to sell liquors, for "medicinal, mechanical, and manufacturing purposes only," to city and town agents, and that this sale in 1873 exceeded 100,000 dollars. We prefer to rely on the statement of another writer, ex-Judge Goddard, that "intelligent citizens yielded long ago to the testimony of their own eyes and ears," and it can no longer be disputed that drunkenness is rapidly increasing in Portland and other cities of the State. This writer quotes from a speaker at a meeting, who attributed "the defeat of Neal Dow's Temperance Bill in the British Parliament to the demoralizing influence of Plimsoll's experience at Portland bars." By "Neal Dow's Bill" this speaker no doubt meant that which we usually connect with the name of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and it is true that inquiries and observations of British travellers in Maine have tended to strengthen Parliamentary disbelief in the Permissive Bill. Judge Goddard gave, in a series of articles, a history of prohibitory legislation in Maine since 1851. His description of the severity of the present law would be alarming if we did not know that it is possible nevertheless to get what one likes to drink in Portland. He "foots up" the legal results of three sales of lager beer by one man to another at \$2,270 fines and two years and a half in prison, and, after all this, "either the seller or the landlord of the house may be made to pay to any relative of the victim for all damage occasioned by the drinker while under the lager's influence, and vindictive damages on top of that." It would be difficult to believe, if this article were not written by an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, that such claims could be entertained. Let us imagine that in England both publican and brewer who owned the public-house could be made

liable to damages at the suit of any relative of a person who had been drinking in it. The profits of our large brewers would suffer serious deduction, and their lives would be made a burden to them by incessant litigation. But still, says Judge Goddard, after thus stating the existing liabilities of publicans, "the cry is heard for more law," because, in spite of all this legislation, and these terrific penalties, drunkenness and violence are rapidly on the increase in Portland and the larger towns. The increase of intemperance is most conspicuous, he says, among the foreign population and the native youth of these towns. Even in the rural districts of Maine, where boast is made of the decrease of intemperance, this writer finds ground for a qualifying remark. The census shows that the population of the country towns has fallen off largely for two decades. "Good-sized families have become unfashionable, and a large proportion of the few boys who are born move at an early age to the cities or to the West, leaving the old folks and the old maids, with perhaps a staid son, to carry on the farm and fight against intemperance. Whether this battle would have been waged with equal success if more boys had been born or stayed at home is a serious question." This passage deserves particular attention, and it should be borne in mind hereafter when statistics from Maine are quoted. "The old folks and the old maids" acquiesce in prohibition and perhaps like it, and could get on very well without it. The test of a prohibitive law is in the large towns, and there it fails, just as it would fail in the large towns of England. It is not claimed, says the same writer, that the law has yet been enforced in more than three-quarters of the State of Maine, and he calls attention to "infallible proofs" of the decline of temperance throughout the cities and large towns containing a fourth part of the population.

There could not be more striking confirmation of what has been often said as regards ourselves, that it is just those places where intemperance is most rife that would most certainly reject prohibition. The same writer tells us that since 1864 the sale of ale, porter, lager beer, and all other malt liquor has been prohibited in Maine, and is punished with the same severity as the traffic in distilled spirits, and he recommends the repeal of this branch of the prohibitory law. This, he says, would, in his judgment, accommodate the law to the popular will, by restoring substantially the law of 1858, beyond which he believes that the people of Maine can never be made to go and stay. This again is an opinion which claims respectful notice. The writer is favourable, at least in theory, to prohibition, but he thinks it ought not to include beer. We have had occasion to remark that many opinions in favour of prohibition which have been produced from various countries ought to be taken with the qualification that they only applied to spirits, and not to beer, cider, or whatever the common drink of the country might be. "By a timely retreat from dangerous and unstable ground" Judge Goddard hopes that the prohibitory principle may be saved perhaps for many years in Maine. He, therefore, is not opposed to this principle, although he would not carry it so far as to prohibit beer. But the fact that he supports "a reasonable, popular, and practicable prohibitory law," whatever that may mean, adds to the force of the admissions which he makes as to the working of the present law in Maine. Be it remembered that this is the question which has been so much discussed among ourselves. Travellers have returned from New England, and have stated what they had seen and heard there, and it has been inferred that the experiment of prohibition was a failure. This inference has been vehemently disputed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his allies, and now comes Judge Goddard and confirms it. Prohibition succeeds among "the old folks and the old maids," to whom it does neither good nor harm. They do not want it, and therefore can easily endure it. But in the towns, says Judge Goddard, the prospect is more discouraging to the friends of prohibition than at any former period in the history of the movement. Another writer quoted by Mr. Murray says that "zeal cannot make up for lack of wisdom, nor good intentions become an equivalent for sound views." There could not be a more appropriate comment on the proceedings of the prohibitionists both in America and among ourselves.

"P. P." BETTING.

THE race for the Liverpool Cup has, we are told, given rise to a question of considerable importance, and the discussion of this question in the sporting newspapers brings to light some circumstances which seem to deserve general attention. We learn from *Bell's Life* that Fräulein, on the strength of previous performances, had been so freely supported for the Cup that she was placed at the head of the quotations; but, on the morning of the race, it was apparent that something was wrong, and at an early muster of betting-men offers against the mare were made so freely that, although hundreds of pounds were invested in her favour, she gradually declined as a favourite, until the climax was reached by ten to one being offered against her, and a few minutes afterwards, and less than an hour before the time fixed for the start, the pen was put through her name. The owner, who was too ill to attend the meeting, telegraphed to the same newspaper to explain that he gave orders to his agent "to take six monkeys" (3,000*l.* to 500*l.*), "not less," and, failing this, to strike the mare out, but not until he had used every effort. It would appear that these efforts were ineffectual, and, in pursuance of the owner's

instructions, orders were given that the mare, which was in the paddock ready to be saddled, was not to run. "The affair caused such a great commotion that the Stewards called upon the parties implicated for an explanation of it," and thereupon the owner was communicated with by telegraph, and sent the above statement.

The account from which we have quoted pays the owner of Fräulein a handsome compliment for having hitherto run his horses "independently of market movements," and it would appear that the popularity thus acquired has begun to be undervalued by him. At any rate, his instructions to his agent seem to have proceeded on the principle that solid pudding is better than empty praise. In effect he told him that unless he could be put in the way of winning 3,000*l.* besides the stakes, he would not start his mare, and this sum could only come out of the pocket of somebody who expected to put into his pocket a larger sum. We are not at this moment expressing any opinion as to the propriety of the course thus adopted. Our object is only to show that it is adopted by owners of horses who do not care to run them merely for popularity. They say to the men who make betting their business "You cannot win without me, and I shall not help you unless I can go shares with you." We often read that the owner of a supposed likely horse found himself "forestalled in the market," and declined to start his horse until matters were arranged to his satisfaction. But in the present case it seems to have been known or conjectured that matters would not be so arranged, and pending efforts at arrangement clever people were busy laying against the mare, and were, no doubt, saying to themselves in their favourite phrase that they were "coining money," while the public backed the mare on her merits, and gladly took the odds offered against her until fifty minutes before the time set for the race, when it was announced that she would not start, and the public no doubt spoke its mind on the transaction. But as regards bets which awaited settlement after this race it appears on consideration doubtful whether they are payable. There is in the first place a possibility of payment being resisted on the ground of alleged fraud. "You cannot win where you cannot lose," and if persons laying against the mare knew that she would not start, they would be within this rule. But this knowledge would be difficult to prove. It would be more hopeful to resist payment on the ground that this race is not "P. P." It is alleged, however, that there is a practice by which the layers of odds in any race are entitled to the money they win by laying against a horse which does not start for the race, if the bet is made on the day on which the race is run. It remains to be seen whether the Committee of Tattersall's will recognize this practice; but if they do not, then as the race for the Liverpool Cup is not "P. P." within the "Rules on Betting," it follows that the bets on the mare are void, and a good deal of industry has been thrown away. One feels tolerably impartial between the public which hopes to make money easily by backing horses and the bookmakers to whom these hopes are a source of profit.

A case which threatened to be similar to this one at Liverpool was that of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. A writer in the *Times* stated that "forestalling, that fruitful source of complaint, had been busy with many favourites," and there was a dark rumour on the afternoon of the race that Thuringian Prince would not be found among the starters, "owing to the stable not having the money right." There was something in it, and an hour before the race the trainer of Thuringian Prince declared he would not start. But negotiations were entered into, and the money was made right at last. "In plain English, the owner of Thuringian Prince got the price about his horse which he had a right to expect, and one of the greatest certainties of the season was brought off." The same journal states that Thuringian Prince started at 100 to 30 against him and "won anyhow."

We are told by Admiral Rous, in his treatise on Racing, that, if money be betted "P. P." against a horse dead or legally struck out at the time the bet was laid, it would be void; but not so if the horse was dying, or if the bet was laid before the declaration was made; if by any possibility at the time the bet was made the horse could start, it would hold good. With respect to bets on facts, if A, after measuring the height of a room, backs his opinion against B, who has never ascertained it, and is ignorant that A has taken this advantage, the bet would be void; equally so, if A, after consulting a dictionary, betted on the spelling of a word, the wager would not hold good; "because," says the Admiral, in his vigorous style, "these are attempts to commit robberies." There is a reported case belonging to the time when our Courts entertained actions upon wagers which recognizes the principle enunciated by Admiral Rous, but makes rather a curious application of it. The plaintiff and the defendant in the case and a person of the name of Porter having been at Newmarket races in October, the plaintiff one evening boasted of being acquainted with Lord Kensington and having conversed with him. Porter asserted that the plaintiff had never spoken to Lord Kensington in his life. A bet was talked of upon the subject, but none was laid. Next morning the parties again met, when Porter asked, "What will you now lay that you conversed with Lord Kensington?" The plaintiff answered, "Eighty guineas to ten." The money was accordingly deposited in the hands of the defendant as a stakeholder. Porter thereupon exclaimed, "Now I have you; I have made inquiries, and the person you conversed with was Lord Kingston, not Lord Kensington." The plaintiff owned his mistake, but said he had been imposed upon, and gave notice to the defendant not to pay over

the money. We should have felt inclined to say, in the words of Admiral Rous, that "this was an attempt to commit a robbery." But the Judge said he thought the action to recover the money from the stakeholder could not be maintained. It could not be said that the point was certain as to one party and contingent as to the other. The plaintiff relied upon his own observation, Porter upon the information he had received; the former was the more confident of the two, and either might have turned out to have been mistaken. We should have thought that the case closely resembled that to which Admiral Rous refers of looking out a word in a dictionary before betting on the spelling of it. However, the principle on which the case proceeded was the same as that laid down in another case, which says that a wager is a contract entered into without colour or fraud between two persons upon mutual promises to pay a sum of money "according as some prefixed and equally uncertain contingency should happen." Under the Act of 1845 all contracts by way of wagering are void, and no action can be brought to recover money alleged to be won upon a wager; but in considering questions upon bets which come before the Committee of Tattersall's, it may be useful to refer to former decisions of the courts of law. That Committee would probably hold that a wager must be "without colour or fraud," and upon an "equally uncertain contingency"; and if a person betted against a horse knowing that it would be struck out, we should expect that such bet would be void. But it would be difficult to prove such knowledge; and it would probably be said that the layer of odds knew that the owner's agent had a commission to back the horse, and perhaps also that the horse would be struck out if he did not succeed, but he could not know that he would not succeed. If, says Admiral Rous, by any possibility at the time the bet was made the horse could start, the bet would hold good. It would be difficult to say, remembering the case of Thuringian Prince at Ascot, that there was no such possibility, although we might say in the language of the Ring that it was a "moral" that the horse would not start. However, if this is not a "P.P." race, and if the alleged exception in favour of bets made on the day of a race not "P.P." is not recognized by the Committee, the bets are void, and we could not regret that conclusion. But it deserves notice that Admiral Rous is by no means inclined to limit the number of "P.P." races. "Although," he says, "P.P. betting is a formidable medium to extort money from the public, it must be acknowledged that it is impossible to make a book on any important race without the security of Play or Pay." This preference for "P.P." in great races implies that horse-breeding is a necessity to the country, that thoroughbred stock could not be maintained without the inducement of betting, and that there can be no serious betting without "P.P." These assumptions were made by witnesses before a Parliamentary Committee in 1845, and it would be difficult to contend that the Act of that year does not recognize them. The Admiral narrates a circumstance which occurred at Newmarket in 1812 which ought to have taught the Jockey Club "that non-'P.P.' betting was impracticable in large betting races, and that the Ring could not protect themselves against the tricks of horseowners without 'P.P.'" The general diffusion of intelligence has in our time placed the Ring and the horseowners, and, we might add, the sporting public, pretty much upon an equality. But in 1812 "two horses belonging to a noble lord" were made the means of perpetrating a gross fraud upon the Ring, and the Two Thousand Guineas, which was not at that time a "P.P." race, has been so ever since. "It must be evident," says Admiral Rous, "to every man who will take the trouble to think, that if the Jockey Club had the power to abolish 'P.P.' betting, they could not prevent horseowners from robbing the Ring or their own friends by starting horses unprepared." But notwithstanding this weighty opinion in favour of "P.P." betting, we should not be sorry to hear that the bets laid against Fraulein were off, although we could not feel any sympathy with either party in the dispute.

Another illustration of the rule as to "P.P." betting is furnished by the race for the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. Odds were laid on Marie Stuart for that race by persons who thought she would be started for it in preference to her stable companion Doncaster. Marie Stuart did not start, but her backers did not lose their money because this race is undoubtedly not "P.P." The Ascot Cup, in which the same two horses were engaged, is "P.P.," and the backers of Marie Stuart for that race, for which also she did not start, lost their money. There was of course no question here about "forestalling." Mr. Merry had two good horses engaged; the public backed both, and he only started one of them. But the prevalence of this practice of "forestalling" is shown by the recent resolution of the Jockey Club against watching trials. Henceforward owners will perhaps be able to keep their good things wholly to themselves; and if they cannot, they will still be able to obtain a share by threatening to follow the course taken by Fraulein's owner. This "great commotion" at Liverpool has an interest wider than the sphere of racegoers. If, as some legislators have thought, betting is necessary to encourage horse-breeding, the owners of horses can hardly be blamed for directly asserting their right to a share of the bets. They may say with truth that they cannot keep horses in training on "popularity."

REVIEWS.

WARBURTON'S EDWARD III.*

"THE Epochs of Modern History" Series, which started, if we remember right, with "the Protestant Revolution," has now gone over various parts of the ground between the Crusades and the Thirty Years' War. The last two volumes have appeared in inverted order, this present one ending where its predecessor, Mr. Gairdner's *Houses of Lancaster and York*, began—with the death of Edward III. The half-century of that King's reign forms Mr. Warburton's subject—not so marked an "epoch" as some of those treated of in former volumes, as indeed is shown by the fact that it is the first of the series which bears for title the name of an individual ruler, and not of any great war or movement. Edward III.'s reign, like most reigns, is only a fragment, not a complete chapter of history. It ends a phase of the Scottish wars which began in the days of Edward's grandfather; it sees the beginning of a war between England and France which lasts till the days of Edward's great-grandson, and the gathering of a storm among the peasantry which does not burst till the next reign. To make a dramatic whole, the events of those fifty and odd years must be grouped round Edward himself, whose fortunes rise and decline almost like those of the hero of a solar myth. Mr. Warburton divides the reign into five periods of ten years each, the third of which carries us to Edward's noontide of success in the battle of Poitiers and the capture of the French King. The last decade is one of rapid disaster and decline, till the sun of Edward's fortunes sets with the loss of almost all the land he had inherited or won upon the Continent:—

The external history of the whole epoch, so far as its most conspicuous actors were concerned, thus returns, as it were, upon itself; and this is equally true of its several portions. At the end of every ten years or so a great and apparently decisive battle is fought, but the general aspect of affairs is scarcely altered by the event. The same negotiations and counter-negotiations, the same diplomatic thrusts and parries, the same menaces and courtesies are renewed; and after all we hardly seem to advance a step, any more than in a dream, towards a practical result. A good deal of this is doubtless traceable to the character of the English King himself. His reign was for a long time great and prosperous, in spite of extravagant expenditure, shortsighted legislation, and vacillating foreign policy; because, by his personal prowess, liberality, and splendour, his ready tact, incessant activity, and marvellous good fortune, he carried his people with him, enlisted their sympathy, and commanded their admiration. But, unlike his grandfather, the great Edward I., he lived and laboured for glory and ambition, not for practical or permanent objects. His work and influence were personal and evanescent. The moment his vigour begins to decline and his busy and brilliant individuality to fade away out of the foreground, the shadows of disaster stalk in and gradually take possession of the scene.

Except the last sentence, which is a piece of magniloquent jargon singularly misplaced in a school-book, the extract is a good criticism upon Edward's foreign doings. His reputation has, it is to be feared, somewhat declined since the days when Sir Roger de Coverley, in the course of his visit to Westminster Abbey, informed the Spectator "that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne." Modern critics would hardly admit that he was rightly described in the language of Thomson and Mallet's masque of *Alfred* as:—

a king indeed;
Matchless in arms; in arts of peaceful rule,
A sovereign's truest glory, yet more fam'd,

or feel disposed to join in the ecstatic address:—

O father of mankind!
Successive praises from a grateful land
Shall saint thy name for ever!

—so ready were our ancestors to surround with a halo the head of any man who had fought stoutly against the French. Looked at with more critical eyes, Edward III. hardly shows that extraordinary zeal "to make his people blest" which the authors of the masque attribute to him; and, even considered simply as a soldier, he was far from attaining the highest excellence. Philosophical historians of the present day, instead of treating his reign as a period of peculiar glory and prosperity, are more inclined to regard it as a mistake altogether; to lament the madness that set him upon conquering France when he should have been conquering Scotland, if anything; to avert their eyes from the false glitter of chivalry and martial fame, and fix them upon such real and prosaic miseries as the Black Death, the rise of prices, and the difficulties and disputes of agricultural labourers and their employers. Edward himself is, on the whole, very fairly—perhaps in some points rather leniently—judged in the book before us. While pointing out that neither as warrior nor legislator does he take a very high place, and commenting on his frequent arbitrary conduct, his reckless expenditure, and the unblushing bad faith which he sometimes displayed, the writer gives him credit for understanding the importance of keeping on good terms with his people, and for the possession of some popular and national qualities:—

He was a genuine Englishman in his rough and ready, and often incoherent, policy; in his contempt for foreigners and his audacious confidence in himself and his countrymen; in his love of manly exertion; his personal pride and popular sympathies, and his freedom from lasting enmity and vindictiveness. He might almost be called a typical Englishman, were it not for a certain love of frippery, fine clothes, and scenic effect, which he probably inherited with his French blood.

* *Edward III.* By the Rev. W. Warburton, M.A., late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford; Her Majesty's Senior Inspector of Schools. With Three Maps. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

Notwithstanding these English qualities, Mr. Warburton is disposed to deny Edward any knowledge of the national speech. "It would," he says, "be a bold assertion that he could read, write, or speak English." We fear that the motto of

Hay, hay, the wythe swan!
By Goddes soul I am thy man,

which adorned Edward's "harness of white buckram inlaid with silver," can hardly be urged against the view taken by Mr. Warburton. Edward may not have even understood it himself, and indeed there does not seem to be much in it for anybody to understand. Froissart, however, in one of his three versions of the story of the Calais burgesses, does attribute to him a power both of understanding and speaking English. It is true that it does not require an extensive acquaintance with any language to order six men's heads to be cut off, which is all that he is then said to have uttered "en langage englois," but still it shows sufficient proficiency for practical purposes.

The author brings out well that the war between England and France was provoked rather by Philip than by Edward, who had virtually dropped his claim to the French crown, and was not, at that moment at least, desirous of war with France. It is a characteristic of Englishmen to be always ready to believe the worst of themselves, and historians have moralized upon the culpable ambition of Edward till most people seem to fancy that Philip of Valois was a peaceable and inoffensive being who was suddenly confronted by his English neighbour with a "Stand and deliver." In reality Edward was "goaded into war"—the phrase is not too strong, when we consider Philip's intrigues in Scotland and aggressions in Aquitaine. We need not be hard on either party. Looking at the matter in the spirit of the fashionable modern philosophy, we may almost say that, placed as they were, Edward and Philip could no more help running into each other than two trains propelled in opposite directions on the same line. Philip naturally tended to the absorption of Aquitaine, Edward as naturally tried to arrest the process; but the destinies were too strong for him, and the greater part of Aquitaine slipped from his grasp as inevitably as if Crécy and Poitiers had been French victories. On the subject of the French succession we note two slips of the pen with respect to the infant who is reckoned as John I. in the line of the French Kings. He is here called "Louis XI." and his life and reign of a few days are extended to five months. In the genealogical table illustrating the text, however, he is set down as "John I., lived 9 days."

The events of the great war, which, in spite of all that can be said against "drum and trumpet history," will ever remain to ordinary readers, and, above all, to young readers, the most interesting part of Edward's reign, are told with clearness and spirit, and not at undue length. Mr. Warburton avowedly would willingly believe that Queen Philippa accompanied the army which fought the battle of Nevil's Cross, "if the statement rested on better authority." We think he would have done better to have been more decided in rejecting this ill-authenticated story, especially as, in addition to the negative evidence against it, it has been asserted that there is proof of Philippa's presence at Ypres on the day of Nevil's Cross. His language, too, gives the impression that the story represents the Queen as actually present during the battle, whereas Jehan le Bel and almost all the different versions of Froissart distinctly say that before the fight began she retired into Newcastle. We must observe also that Villani is not, as Mr. Warburton intimates, the only historian who "mentions the employment of cannon at Crécy." He is the only one who lays much stress upon them, or clearly distinguishes them as firearms; but the Amiens manuscript of Froissart states that "li Engles . . . descliquierent aucuns kanons qu'il avoient en le bataille, pour esbahir les Genevois," and according to the Chroniquer of St. Denis they produced the desired effect—"lesquels Anglois gietterent trois canons: dont il advint que les Genevois arbalestiers qui estoient au premier front tournèrent les dos et laisserent à traire; si ne sceut l'en s'ce fu par traison, mais Dieu le sceut." Another manuscript of Froissart, which M. Luce classes among those of the "première rédaction révisée," says:—"Les Engles avoient entre eulx deulx des bombardieulx, et en firent deux ou trois descliquer sur ces Genevois, qui trop mal ordeneement se mirent quant il les oïrent ruer." Of the Amiens manuscript, without entering into the question whether it represents Froissart's first or second version, we may say that it is admitted to be the French, as opposed to the English, story. It is natural enough that it should be in the French story that the cannon appear. We remember in the disastrous days of Sedan hearing a Frenchman lay down that, after all, man for man, the French were as good as their foes, and that the chasseur was notoriously superior to the needle-gun, "but it is that *sacree* artillery of the Prussians!" The vanquished of Crécy no doubt felt a similar desire to attribute their misfortunes to the *sacree* artillery of Edward. Why, by the way, does the author, when on the subject of the tax upon salt imposed by the States-General of 1355, speak of it as an impost "which has always been, for some mysterious reason, exasperating to the French people"? There is no mystery in a tax upon a necessary of life having an exasperating effect, and salt was especially a necessary in days when the whole supply of meat for the winter had to be salted down in the autumn—such at least was English domestic economy, and doubtless French likewise.

Mr. Warburton in his preface gives a list of "a few out of many writers whose works should be studied by any who wish to fill up these outlines with more thorough and detailed information." He truly remarks that there is a dearth of contemporary authorities

for the earlier part of the fourteenth century, and that "Froissart did not reach manhood till it had passed its meridian"; but he omits to mention Jehan le Bel, who actually served in the Scottish campaign of 1327, of which he has left a vivid account, and upon whose Chronicles Froissart founded the earlier part of his own work. For the history of the Good Parliament, and of the close of Edward's reign generally, Mr. Warburton refers his readers to the translation of a contemporary chronicle printed in the *Archæologia*, and makes frequent quotations from it. But we recommend him to add in his next edition that the original of this curious and outspoken work has recently been discovered, and is printed in the Rolls series of Chronicles. In recounting the doings of the Good Parliament, Mr. Warburton does not forget to do justice to the hero of Poitiers in his less well-known character of a political reformer—perhaps more than justice, for, mindful of the prior claims of King John's Barons and of Simon of Montfort, we can hardly admit the Prince's right to be called "the leader of the first great popular movement of reform." It is not one of the least merits of the Black Prince that he was proof against Richard Lyons's attempt to buy his favour. To be sure, he somewhat marred the dignity of his refusal of the bribe by subsequent regrets that he had not taken what was offered him by the enemy, and bestowed it upon his Parliamentary friends—a curious incident, showing that the patriots of Edward III.'s time, like those of Charles II.'s, were not above pecuniary gratifications.

It is a good point of Mr. Warburton's work that he takes special pains to give his readers a general idea of the state of society at the time of which he writes. The most trifling details are not useless if they help a child to realize that the men of the fourteenth century were not mere ghosts in knightly armour, but ate and drank and farmed and traded like ordinary mortals, and did not all live in castles or at the King's Court. Mr. Warburton describes how the eastern counties in Edward's days were "swarming with traders and workers, much in the same way as the north-western are at present," and how home and foreign buyers and sellers flocked to the great fair of Stourbridge, "now scarcely remembered on the spot." He describes the manor-house of the gentleman and the cottage of the serf, what wages were paid and received, and how people lived and amused themselves, descending even to such small, but to the youthful reader always interesting, points as dress and dinners. An account of the two great poets of the age, Langland and Chaucer, concludes the work. As we have already intimated, the reign of Edward III. is perhaps not a very good theme for a work of this class, the plan of which is best suited to periods which are governed by some leading idea. Edward's reign affords a succession of striking incidents, such as would supply fine material for a few chapters in some new *Tales of a Grandfather*, if we had an English Walter Scott to tell them; but it hardly has a leading idea, even the great war, which, as the author says, is "the backbone of the story," being carried on in a somewhat fitful and aimless fashion. But Mr. Warburton has handled his subject skilfully, subdividing it into clearly marked periods, keeping his various groups of events in good perspective, and telling his story in a pleasant and readable manner.

SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.*

WE must plead guilty to being fairly "beat" by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt. Quite recently we devoted two articles to his reissue of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and another to his edition of Sir John Suckling's Works, and for some weeks past we have had sundry more volumes of the Dodsley, and a reprint of the Works of Thomas Randolph, casting reproachful glances upon us from our table; when, as if this were not enough at once, we are now called upon to notice no fewer than six volumes of *Shakespeare's Library*, "carefully revised and greatly enlarged," and "the text now first formed from a new collation of the original copies." We are hardly clear as to the precise meaning intended to be conveyed by the two words which we have printed in italics in the above extract from the editor's title-page. To make sense, surely one or the other ought to have been omitted. But, at any rate, one clear assertion is conveyed, namely, that, as far as the present work is concerned, this process of collation has been thoroughly carried out; and we are not at all inclined to deny that a great deal of trouble may have been taken in the matter. But how is this absolute assertion to be reconciled with a statement which we oddly enough stumbled upon at our very first opening of the second volume? The work is *Euphues' Golden Legacie*, and the text has:—"least I might be counted unkind in not *saluting* so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebe"; to which is appended a note:—"Mr. Collier says that the edit. of 1598 has *salving*" (instead of *saluting*), which looks very like an admission that the older editor had collated the passage and that the new one had not. The words were used indiscriminately in those days, and Spenser in particular gave the preference to what now sounds to our ears so uncouthly:—

By this that stranger Knight in presence came,
And goodly *salved* them.

* *Shakespeare's Library*: a Collection of the Plays, Romances, Novels, and Histories employed by Shakespeare in the composition of his Works. With Introduction and Notes. Second Edition. Carefully revised and greatly enlarged. The text now first formed from a new collation of the original copies. 6 vols. London: Reeves & Turner.

Another instance which has somewhat shaken our faith occurs at p. 73, vol. iii., where, in reprinting the tale of the Fishwife of Brentford from the old tract which bears the quaint title of "Westward for Smelts," Mr. Hazlitt goes a little out of his way to say that "the text exhibited by Mr. Halliwell is not true to the original." Now, as this gentleman had been specially thanked in the preface for having, with his "habitual liberality, accorded me leave to make whatever use I pleased of his prefaces and notes," we were curious to examine the grounds of this serious charge; and having Mr. Halliwell's reprint of *Westward for Smelts* at hand, we made, ourselves, "newly and for the first time," a collation with Mr. Hazlitt's text, and found that they hardly varied in a single syllable. One of these differences, involving, in the old spelling, the change of only a single letter, is in the case of an oburgation on all unchaste wives where Mr. Halliwell calls upon the Pope to be the agent, while Mr. Hazlitt prefers the vulgar synonym of the *Morbus Gallicus*. Remembering the persecution of which the late Mr. Turnbull was the victim, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Halliwell deserves praise for adhering to what he believed to be the true reading, and not less for his honesty in adding a note to say that it was "an oath not uncommon in writers of this date." But, after all, what has this to do with Shakspeare? *Westward for Smelts* could never have furnished a part of Shakspeare's library. It was not published for six years after Shakspeare's death, and *Cymbeline* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* owe no more to the stories contained in it than they do to the pleasing "Tales" which Charles Lamb and his sister gave to the world two centuries afterwards. And here in fact we are brought at this early stage to the great blot of the work, which was conspicuous enough when it extended to no more than two volumes, and is not the less discernible now that it is beaten out into six. What may truly be called the library of Shakspeare was a very limited affair indeed. The volumes which composed it might be numbered on the fingers; and when to a novelette or two and the *Decameron* are added North's *Translation of Plutarch* and Holinshed's *Chronicle*, the catalogue is pretty well exhausted.

But let us see how Mr. Hazlitt buckrams his theory. *Love's Labour's Lost* was, we saw, the first drama selected, and here we confess to have been fairly puzzled at starting, for we had always been taught that of all the plays of Shakspeare this was the one particular work which had been most strictly and entirely evolved out of the poet's own moral consciousness. But we were wrong. In the drama mention is made of the sum of two hundred thousand crowns being due from one king to another, and Mr. Hunter, it appears, discovered that in Monstretet's *Chronicles* a story is told of a King of France engaging to pay that precise sum to a King of Navarre. It is true that in the *Chronicles* it is particularly stated that the money is due for the purchase of certain lordships, while in the play it is stated with equal particularity to be owing on account of a sum disbursed in bygone wars. On this Mr. Dyce curtly remarks that it "appears to show that the original tale had an admixture of historic truth." The reader would hardly suppose that this is all that the cautious Aberdonian says when he reads in Mr. Hazlitt that "the annexed extract from Monstretet, translated by Johnes, 1807, i. 54, is given here in pursuance of a suggestion found in Dyce's edition of Shakspeare, 1868, ii. 161." The next play is the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the framework of which Theseus plays a prominent part, and North's translation of Plutarch's life of that semi-fabulous personage is therefore reprinted at full length. To this, under the circumstances, we make no objection, as it is quite evident that Shakspeare must have been acquainted with the work. It might be asked, however, whether it is not barred for Mr. Hazlitt's purposes by his declaration in the preface, in reply to an excellent hint from Mr. Furnivall, that he has arrived at the conclusion that parallel passages in prose "should rather find a place in an edition of the poet, where they would enjoy the advantage of immediate juxtaposition"; as if the process were not capable of reversal, and the interest of these long prose extracts, extending in some cases beyond a hundred pages, might not have been infinitely increased by the reader's attention being specially called to the more striking points of resemblance. The *Comedy of Errors* is illustrated by "The Story of the Two Brothers of Avignon," which was not printed for a dozen years after the drama; but, as Mr. Hazlitt says, and we are certainly not in a position to contradict him, the story as here related "possibly may have been seen by Shakspeare in some earlier publication." Under such elastic conditions it is hard to fix any limits to which Shakspeare's library may not be extended.

We now come to *Romeo and Juliet*, whose exquisitely beautiful story has been a favourite with so many nations. Mr. Hazlitt here follows Mr. Collier in giving "The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and now in English by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562," and "The Goodly History of the True and Constant Love between Romeus and Julietta," extracted from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. But Bandello was not the first recorder of the sad story. Luigi da Porto preceded him by many years, and we do not see how Mr. Hazlitt, on his own principle, could refuse to admit that Shakspeare "may possibly" have seen a manuscript translation of the earlier work. This very ground indeed has been taken by a learned Italian, Signor Pace-Sanfelice, whose laboured argument to prove it is a pleasing effort of literary enthusiasm. We hardly think he has established his point; but Ben Jonson speaks of his teacher that "cried Italian" to him, and it is pleasant to think of old John Florio, for instance, that famous *praetor lingue Italice*, performing the same kind office to his friend

Shakspeare, first intoning the original and expounding as he went on. This noble play is receiving an extraordinary amount of illustration at the present moment. Prince Leopold has "handselled" his admission into the republic of letters by a graceful present to the new Shakspeare Society of a reprint of the two first quartos in parallel texts, and Mr. Furnivall and his coadjutors are carrying out the idea with characteristic energy. Mr. F. W. Cossens, too, as Mr. Hazlitt reminds us, has "lately favoured his friends with a private impression of two Spanish plays on the same story in an English dress"; but he omits to mention the singular taste and skill displayed in effecting the transformation.

When *Richard II.* is arrived at, the editor reverts to the resolution he had forgotten when he illustrated *Love's Labour's Lost*, and simply refers us to the "Chronicles." At the same time, however, he finds space to mention that there is a "curious early reference" to this drama in a MS. which was discovered at Northumberland House, and printed by Mr. Spedding in 1870. What this has to do with *Shakspeare's Library* we cannot imagine, as it is simply a bare mention of "Richard II." and "Richard III." scribbled on the outer leaf or cover of a manuscript volume containing Bacon's *Conference of Pleasure*. The two parts of *Henry IV.* are passed over with still greater brevity; but *Henry V.* was, it appears, represented by a ballad of real life and spirit, called "Agincourt; or, the English Bowman's Glory." We are not favoured with any information as to its probable date, or the source from which it was procured, and we think we perceive marks of editorial remissness in the following stanza:—

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
English of every sort,
High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old stories told us,
Thanks to our Bowmen!

Here no particular acumen is required to discover that either the fifth line should have *bold* instead of *well*, or the sixth *tell* instead of *told*. For our own part, we incline to the former, and would read:—

Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old stories tell us,
Thanks to our Bowmen!

We pass over the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and come to the *Merchant of Venice*, which perhaps admits of more illustration of this sort than any other play of the series; but even here all is mere guesswork as to the form in which it may have been found in the imaginary "Library" of the poet. The Jew and the pound of flesh, and the choice between the three caskets, are among the very oldest stock-in-trade of the professional tale-teller. To the selections made by Mr. Collier, the present compiler has added a couple of ballads, of one of which he vaguely says "an edition exists coeval, or nearly so, with Shakspeare's time," while of the other he gives no account at all. It can hardly be said that this is a satisfactory style of editing. For our own part we should greatly have preferred a transcript of the "Persian manuscript in the possession of Ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore," which the Ensign translated himself, and communicated to Malone. This young man, whose literary tastes showed themselves so early, became before long the greatest of our Eastern administrators, "than whom," said Mr. Canning, "Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier," and has been singled out by so cautious a critic as Sir Henry Taylor as possessing the most powerful faculties of statesmanship of any man of his generation. If only for the sake of the source from which it came, it would surely have been worth while to reproduce this unique contribution to our Shakspearian literature.

We have thus made our way through Mr. Hazlitt's first volume, and if we were to pursue the same course through the next three, we are afraid our readers would be fatigued by the sameness of our remarks. The only relief is in the case of the *Tempest*; for we know for certain that there was at least one volume in Shakspeare's library, and that the translation of Montaigne by John Florio, which is preserved with such sacred care in the British Museum, has been laid under direct contribution in the speech of Gonzalo in the first scene of the second act of that drama. But this passage is so brief that it may be included in a foot-note of any annotated edition of the poet; and, for that matter, we are not certain that the same may not be said of everything worth referring to a second time in the whole of these four volumes. It is not so, however, with the fifth and sixth, to the contents of which a different, and we are inclined to think a higher, interest attaches. Here we have no longer novelettes or ballads of dubious dates and dubious origins, of only a few of which even so much can be said as that they may, or may not, have been seen by the poet; but we are presented with actual dramas, about the dates of which there is no dispute, and the contents of which speak plainly for themselves. Steevens had already published six of these so long ago as 1779, but the volume was not common, nor were the type and paper so inviting as our eyes are now accustomed to look for. Mr. Hazlitt has therefore done well to reprint them, and still better to add five to their number, although we cannot but marvel that the 1602 edition of Shakspeare's own *Merry Wives of Windsor* should have been included among them. On the same principle every one of the quartos should have had a place in this collection.

HARRIS'S ELEMENTS OF ROMAN LAW.*

WHEN Mr. Harris describes his book as "small and unpretentious," he hardly does justice either to his own conception of its merits or to his publisher and printer. It is a full-sized octavo. The paper and type are beyond praise. Each of its chapters is headed by a piece of well-executed scroll-work, and every initial letter is elaborately ornate. It rejoices in at least three titles, being described on the outside as "Gaius and Justinian," "Digest of the Institutes"; and in the inside as "The Elements of Roman Law Summarized: a Concise Digest of the Matter contained in the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian," &c. The author expresses a hope that the copious references contained in the work "may assist the researches of other than students." It is eulogistically dedicated to Professor Sheldon Amos.

Now it so happens that we had occasion, some two years ago, to review, and therefore to read, a book upon Jurisprudence in which the Professor thus honourably mentioned was unlucky enough to venture upon some allusions to rudimentary doctrines of Roman Law. After reading Mr. Harris's dedication, we therefore pursued our investigation of Mr. Harris's book with much anxiety. Why should the pupil shun pitfalls into which his master has stepped rejoicingly? Who would guarantee us against meeting with terminology such as the *patria auctoritas*, from the shock of which it will be years yet before we have entirely recovered? We hasten to state that our fears were superfluous. Mr. Harris has made very few mistakes, and for a very sufficient reason. "He that is low needs fear no fall"; and our author has never ventured beyond the most notorious truisms of his subject. These he has stated, as a rule, carefully and clearly. He has, in fact, favoured the public with an *édition de luxe* of such a notebook as an intelligent student who does not aspire to honours would make for himself or take down from the dictation of his private tutor. One would expect to find it entitled "An Analysis of Gaius and Justinian, by a Pass Coach," or "How to Satisfy the Examiners (at Oxford, Cambridge, or London) in Gaius and Justinian, by One who has done it." If the materials which Mr. Harris has put together had been so labelled, and had been cheaply printed as a really "small and unpretentious" book, the outside of the work would have corresponded to its inside, nor would one have been reminded in looking at it of some of those high-stepping carriage-horses which, with every appearance of powerful and rapid action, are not really moving at a faster pace than that of an ordinary cab. At this rate every schoolboy whose father will pay for the printing of his copybooks may set up as author; and if the publishers are inclined to co-operate with the movement, we may have library editions of *Mangnall's Questions*, and *Butter's Spelling* will be advertised with illustrations by Gustave Doré. It would be fulsome flattery to place Mr. Harris's book on a level with these long-established classics, which indeed it resembles only in the fact that all three are written for the use of students. It is, we suppose, inevitable that such books as *Mangnall's Questions* and *Butter's Spelling* should exist. They are real guides to knowledge, though to knowledge of a humble description. Mr. Harris's book belongs rather to a category the very existence of which is an evil. Its function is to enable a student to dispense with knowledge at first hand, while he gains such an appearance of it as may get him through an examination.

It is a little hard upon grammars, dictionaries, and standard works which "no gentleman's library should be without," that they should be considered as *par excellence* the "books that are no books." There is much entertainment to be derived from *Rollin's Ancient History*, or *Blair's Sermons*, while grammars and dictionaries have at any rate a scientific value, if they are not literature. There is something to be said even for the Almanacs, Directories, Statutes at Large, and Draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, which so moved the ire of Charles Lamb. A far lower abyss of nonentity is reached by short cuts to a short-lived semblance of knowledge, the sole use of which is to enable the ignorant or idle to pass examinations. If books are written with such objects, the more than modesty of their purpose should at least be expressed by commonness of print and binding. Less, rather than more, care should be expended upon their publication than is bestowed upon honest primers of geography or arithmetic for village school-children. But such books should never be written; or rather should never be published. Each student should draw up something of the sort for himself, correcting it in accordance with the best advice he can get, and re-writing it till it is as near perfection as he can make it. An analysis thus made is a *memoria technica* of a genuine course of study; a clue to solutions of difficulties the very existence of which has never been perceived by the student who buys his analysis ready made. Mr. Harris frankly avows the object with which his treatise has been written. At a time when the value of the study of Roman Law is more than ever acknowledged, and "when this subject occupies an important place in

academical and professional examinations," he hopes that "a help to those who are preparing for any of these ordeals will be acceptable."

Mr. Harris truly states that a glance at the examination papers set at Oxford or Cambridge or in London will show that a knowledge of the resemblances and differences of the Institutes of Gaius and of Justinian is required, not only by the Universities, but also by the Inns of Court. Such a knowledge is of course quite indispensable to any understanding of the historical development of Roman Law. Our author has therefore given a sort of blended analysis of the two works, with references to the parallel passages of each. He has picked the bones of the two treatises, and presents us with a sort of composite skeleton of them. The plan is not a very happy one, tending rather to confuse together what the student has to keep carefully apart—namely, the state of the law in the time of the Antonines and its state three centuries later under Justinian. Were we preparing for an examination on the subject, we should prefer to have separate analyses, so arranged in parallel columns that we could see at a glance how a lacuna in the earlier law had been supplied by the time of Justinian, or how a topic to which Gaius has to devote many chapters could be dismissed by Justinian in a short phrase. Mr. Harris's blended analysis contains, however, a very fair summary of the more general doctrines of the two Institutes, and, if read in connexion with the text of the Institutes themselves, and supplemented, and here and there corrected, by good oral teaching, might be useful to a beginner. It is, however, too general to be of any further use; *hæret in cortice*. It fails, or does not attempt, to give the finer rules by which the application of the larger ones is restrained, specialized, or explained. For instance, we are told that "a partner was liable to the *actio pro socio* for fault (*culpa*) as well as for malicious wrong (*dolus*), he being required to take as much care of the partnership property as he would of his own." We are not told that, if he happened to be careless in respect of property of both kinds, his associates would be unable to bring the action, having only to thank their own folly for admitting an unfit person into their business. It is, however, unavoidable that many interesting details should slip through the meshes of an analysis. If an analysis is clear and accurate, it may be pronounced to be good after its kind. Mr. Harris is certainly clear, and he is generally accurate as far as he goes, though now and then he makes rather a serious slip. Thus, in summarizing the title "*Quibus modis tollitur obligatio*," he states that the wish of one of the parties dissolved a consensual contract. This contrary wish, he goes on to say, must be expressed before the contract is in any way executed. He seems to suppose, therefore, that such contracts were not binding without partial execution. In reality, of course, their essential characteristic was that they were binding by the mere consent of the parties. Again, he states, as the effect of the contract *emptio-venditio*, that "the ownership in the property was not acquired by the buyer until he had either paid the price, or satisfied the seller in some other way (*e.g.* by security), unless the sale was on credit, in which case the ownership was transferred immediately on the completion of the contract." One can hardly suppose, from the wording of this paragraph, that Mr. Harris is aware that in no case did ownership pass upon a contract of sale without actual or constructive delivery of the object sold. Should the book ever reach a second edition, its author should at least take care that his assertions with reference to elementary doctrines are unimpeachably correct. He should also strengthen and fill out his introduction, which, as it stands, vividly recalls to our recollection a certain "Practical Guide to the Rhine," which provides for travellers, as they watch the moving panorama from the deck of their steamer, some such remarks as—"10 min. to left Geierfels Castle, bought by London tailor, 1700l., remarkable for legend, fairy god-mother, and manuf., sour red wine." It is hardly more instructive to find that the paragraph in Mr. Harris's introduction devoted to the life of Justinian consists of a statement that "he was born about A.D. 483. Having been adopted by his uncle, the Emperor Justin, he reigned with him for a short period, and succeeded as sole Emperor A.D. 527. His reign is chiefly noted for his legislation, and the victories of his generals Belisarius and Narses over the Vandals and Goths; he died A.D. 565." We might as well be told nothing of the respect paid to the writings of Gaius as that "they were, after his death, regarded as legal authorities." In fact, all Mr. Harris's introductory matter is of the vaguest description, unintelligently abstracted from the notes of writers who have a first-hand acquaintance with their subject. Thus he tells us that "it has been suggested that the extracts contained in the Digest were systematically arranged so as to correspond with the course of study laid down by Justinian." Mr. Harris is clearly ignorant, and inexcusably so if he writes upon the subject at all, that the correspondence of which he speaks is no suggestion of the critics, but is a fact, of which we are aware upon the authority of Justinian himself. Mr. Harris is probably confusing something which he has read about the theory which Bluhme invented to account for the order in which the *leges* succeed each other in each Title, with something else which he has read about the authentic information which is contained in Justinian's Prefatory Constitutions, as to the order in which the Emperor directed that the Titles and Books should be combined to form the Digest.

It is of course useless to expect to find sound learning and accurate statement in an examination manual; but little books upon great subjects are somewhat irritating, and when

* *The Elements of Roman Law Summarized: a Concise Digest of the Matter contained in the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian.* With Copious References arranged in Parallel Columns; also Chronological and Analytical Tables, Lists of Laws, &c., &c., primarily designed for the use of Students preparing for Examination at Oxford, Cambridge, and the Inns of Court. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L., M.A., Worcester College, Oxford, and the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1875.

one of these little books is put before the world with all the outward semblance of being a substantive accession to human knowledge, it is a duty to describe its character in plain language. The line of tolerance towards the little books of learners turned teachers of Roman Law must be drawn somewhere, and we are inclined to draw it above the bantling of Mr. Seymour Harris.

DENZIL PLACE.*

BOSWELL records one of Johnson's blunt judgments on a woman which it would be well if some of the writers of our time were to keep before them. He says:—"While we were alone I endeavoured as well as I could to apologize for a lady who had been divorced from her husband by Act of Parliament. I said that he had used her very ill, had behaved brutally to her, and that she could not continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all affection for him was thus destroyed; that the essence of conjugal union being gone, there remained only a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the prime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ought not to be lost; and that the gentleman on whose account she was divorced had gained her heart while thus unhappily situated. Seduced, perhaps, by the charms of the lady in question, I thus attempted to palliate what I was sensible could not be justified; for when I had finished my harangue my venerable friend gave me a proper check:—"My dear sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a harlot, and there's an end on't." Such is the judgment that we pass on the heroine of the sickly versified story before us. The author has exerted all her petty and miserable art to mingle virtue and vice. She has laboured at it in more than two hundred and fifty pages of verse, and after all her heroine is a harlot, and a very dull harlot too. It is perhaps a fortunate thing when a writer who has a taste for depicting vice suffers also from the poet's itch. There are a great many stupid people who would relish an immoral story, but who have too poor an opinion of their own ability even to try to read anything that is printed like poetry. Were the leading articles in the *Times* some morning to appear printed in eights and sixes, without any change of any kind being made in the words or sentiments, who can doubt that some of the oldest and most constant readers would throw down their paper in utter dismay? Had not Miss Fane or Mrs. Fane—like Queen Elizabeth in taking leave of her hostess at Lambeth, we are puzzled how to describe the lady—had she not, we say, in her folly mistaken herself for a poet, she might have filled three volumes of a novel with her story, and have secured for herself as many readers as any other writer of her class. At the same time, there is a danger that in the form in which the story has appeared it may spread its insidious poison in quarters where it will be unsuspectingly received.

That there exists a sound, healthy relish for good literature is shown by the numerous editions which are issued of the great writers of past ages. Unhappily, however, no one can doubt that there is also a widespread taste for that which is utterly worthless in itself, but which has a certain relish from the high seasoning with which its insipidity is disguised. A tinge of immorality may be forgiven in a book when it is to a great extent due to the common license of the age, or when it forms but a small part of the whole, and is accompanied by wit, learning, knowledge of character and style. In such a work as *Tom Jones*, for instance, there are no doubt passages which are bad enough, but they are so hidden away and lost in the abundant merits of that wonderful book that they do not at all fill the reader's memory as he comes to the last chapter. No dull, gross person could read *Tom Jones*, in spite of its immorality. He would break down under the wit and the learning, and would never struggle on to the licentious parts which alone he would be capable of enjoying. There is no man of good sense, on the other hand, but must regret that Fielding ever marred so great a work by such defects. From that exquisite picture of human manners, to use Gibbon's words, who that is capable of enjoying the artist's work does not wish that Lady Bellaston could be struck out? She as much sullies the fame of Fielding as Lady Hamilton sullies the fame of Nelson. Immoral, then, though Fielding is at times, it is not for his immorality that he is enjoyed, or by his immorality that he is remembered. In the genius that could create an Amelia, a Sophia Western, a Parson Adams, we can pardon much; and what is still better, forget much. A story is told how Lord Bolingbroke was one day present in a company where Marlborough's character was being torn to tatters. Bolingbroke was silent till his opinion was called for. "Marlborough," he said, "was so great a man that I have forgotten his faults." In like manner the generous reader forgets the faults of that great writer of whom it was so aptly said by one of the greatest of historians that his romance of *Tom Jones* will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial eagle of Austria.

But while indulgence may be shown to those whose greatness is at times, and only at times, stained by their immorality, indignation cannot burn too fiercely against those who endeavour to obtain a market for their dulness by dressing it out in the tawdry garb of licentiousness. In this respect women, we are sorry to say,

are in these days the chief offenders. There are books written by women, and openly read by women, books that come from the circulating libraries, and lie on many a drawing-room table, which are, if only their disguise is seen through, as vile in their tendencies as they are contemptible in their execution. At the same time that they corrupt the heart, they deprave the taste and weaken the head. Those who read them are worse for it morally, and worse intellectually. They are less able to distinguish between right and wrong both in life and in art. They gradually lose their relish for simplicity and quietness of all kinds, and can no more sit down to Addison or Goldsmith than they can to

Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

We almost fear to censure such books as these, lest we give them a fame which they least of all deserve. And yet it is necessary at times to protest against the unblushing effrontery which tries to accustom our minds to confuse virtue and vice. It is a duty to tear off the mask of fine words and sickly sentiment, and to expose the rottenness beneath. A warning is due to those who do not wish to be thus contaminated; and it may also be of some use to those who have gradually learnt to take pleasure in stories at which their minds would once have been shocked, to take one of the worst books of the kind, and to ask them seriously if these are "the fresh woods and pastures new" to which, deserting the wholesome fare which is so bountifully spread before us, they are going to lead their children.

The character of *Denzil Place* is shown by the motto which the author, forgetful of her womanhood, puts at the head of one of her chapters. Happily she has to go to a shameless French writer before she can find what she wants. "*Ce que les poètes appellent l'Amour, et les moralistes l'Adultère*," is the text on which she speaks; and of the preaching we can only say:—"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." Addison, in a paper in the *Spectator*, tells us that, according to some Roman Catholic authors, "vicious writers continue in purgatory so long as the influence of their writings continues upon posterity." The punishment, however, by no means seems in all cases proportionate to the offence. Such a paltry piece of versification as *Denzil Place*, whatever present harm it may do, will soon be forgotten. But though its own worthlessness will not suffer it to live to corrupt posterity, yet surely

That dull, rooted, callous Impudence,
Which dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed in spreading Vice's snares,

is not to escape the punishment that is due to it because its snares will not last out a single season. Some idea of the poverty of the doggerel may be gathered from such lines as the following:—

You search in vain for moral or advice—
For flow'ry language,—complicated plot,—
Or cunning metaphor, or neat and nice
And pointed epigram,—you find them not.
I tremble for my reader's kind good will,
And hang a bashful head, yet seem to see
(No doubt with partial eyes,) a moral still
Which lingers here, if only seen by me.
Poor Constance was not born so bad and base
As needs must seem a guilty faithless wife,
And had her heart been harder, or her face
Less fair, she might have liv'd a blameless life.
She was the eager champion of the poor,
And Denzil was her helper in the cause,
High were their motives, and their conduct pure,
And if his soul despised our human laws
It was because they seem'd less just and true
Than those that he had fashion'd as his own,—
He would have form'd a new religion, too,
E'en better,—broader,—than this present one.

We are glad to learn from the author, what otherwise we should never have guessed, that she has a bashful head to hang. We should have been inclined to say to her that in this story "were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless." But she can still be bashful, and she can still hang her head. We will not therefore give her up altogether. She may possibly listen to advice. Let her send to her publisher for all the copies of her book that are still unsold—we venture to say that out of every hundred she will get back ninety-nine—let her gather together some dozen or so of her fellow-scribblers, and in the sight of them all let her solemnly set fire to the pile of demoralizing rubbish of which she is the unhappy author.

PULMAN'S BOOK OF THE AXE.*

THIS volume is worth notice, as marking a certain stage in the treatment of topographical subjects. Mr. Pulman rises far above the lowest level in such matters, but he is still a good way from having reached the highest. Yet we can fancy that, if he were now to begin his researches for the first time, if he were employed on the first edition of his book instead of the fourth, he might be able to raise himself almost to the highest level. His

* *The Book of the Axe; containing a Piscatorial Description of that Stream, and Historical Sketches of all the Parishes and remarkable Places upon its Banks.* By George P. R. Pulman. Fourth Edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged. London: Longman & Co. 1875.

* *Denzil Place. A Story in Verse.* By Violet Fane. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

book is a curious mixture of parts in which its author has gone to the best authorities, and grasped the true idea of things, and of others where he has failed to do so. It can hardly be otherwise, when a man, clearly of no small natural power, but, it would seem, without much training, goes to general history in order to illustrate the history of a particular district, instead of taking the history of the particular district as part of the general history. For instance, Mr. Pulman has been led away by some earlier local writer into believing that the battle of Brunanburh was fought at Axminster in Devonshire. We are not particularly inclined to complain. So much West-Saxon and West-Welsh history has been carried away northwards, that it is really time for the south-western peninsula to annex something in turn. When Arthur is carried up into Strathclyde, and half the heroes of Britain and England are quartered at Spotburgh, it is not unfair that Æthelstan and his enemies should be moved downwards to Axminster. But we are quite sure that, if Mr. Pulman had first studied the battle of Brunanburh as part of the general history of England, instead of going to Brunanburh as part of the supposed local history, he would never have fancied that Brunanburh was on the shores of the most southern Axe. Yet, when he comes to tell his story, notwithstanding some mistakes in translation and the like, notwithstanding a good deal of very apocryphal detail, he shows such real work among his authorities, good and bad, and he puts the thing together with such spirit, that for the moment we almost believe that Axminster was Brunanburh. So, again, Mr. Pulman, like most purely local writers, is not quite perfect in his etymology, and it is odd to see Mr. Isaac Taylor quoted side by side as equal authority with the great name of Kemble. Still, Mr. Pulman has read his Kemble, and to have read him has done Mr. Pulman a great deal of good. It is wonderful how much a man may gain by a single piece of real knowledge. Mr. Pulman thoroughly takes in that the ending *ing* is the English patronymic—a very simple fact surely, but one which many people find it very hard to take in. This one piece of knowledge naturally saves him from a whole mass of mistakes and confusions, into which people who dabble in local nomenclature without grasping this one simple fact are sure to fall. Mr. Pulman shows one sign of the untrained writer in his habit of bringing in long extracts on general subjects to illustrate particular cases. Thus, for instance, he has to describe a church or other building; he adds a note containing an extract from some well-known book, describing the most obvious facts of the history of succession of styles or of other points of architecture or arrangement. This is what the really trained scholar never does. It is the sign of the man who looks at the general through the particular, and not at the particular through the general. He is afraid that his readers may not understand what he has himself specially mastered for the occasion. The scholar, on the other hand, takes a great deal more for granted, and what he does not take for granted he knows how to explain for himself. Had Mr. Pulman cut out all needless matter of this kind, he would have sensibly lessened the bigness of his inconveniently bulky volume. But, with all this, the faults of Mr. Pulman's book are the faults of its class, and its merits are his own. It is emphatically a book of hard work. We have seldom seen a local book whose writer has gone so steadily and thoroughly at all branches of his subject. Geology and natural history, primeval and mediæval antiquities, local history early and late—none of them come amiss to Mr. Pulman. He has worked heartily at all; but it is plain that his favourite point, and we must add his weak point, is that of fishing. It is doubtless possible to write rationally about fishing as about anything else. But Mr. Pulman, who writes rationally about everything else, takes to nonsense and fine writing as soon as he gets hold of rod and line. When we see "Piscator" in the vocative case in a page of Mr. Pulman's, we know that we have come to a passage which we may safely skip.

We must explain that the Axe to which Mr. Pulman's book is devoted is not the Axe which is most familiar to students of early English history. It is not the Axe which, as Dr. Guest has shown, marks one of the stages of West-Saxon conquest; it is the Axe which flows by Axminster, not the Axe which, now at least, does not flow close by Axbridge. The south-western peninsula contains other streams bearing various forms of the universal Celtic name, that Isca or Exe which gives its name to the capital of the West holding the first place among them. Of these two keep the name in exactly the same form as their Macedonian cognate,

"Αξις, οὗ κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπικίδναται αἶψα."

Dr. Guest's Axe, so to distinguish it, rises in Mendip and runs north-west into the Bristol Channel, having its course wholly in Somerset. Mr. Pulman's Axe runs by a south-west course into the English Channel. It rises in Dorset, it forms for a while the boundary of Somerset, but it belongs, so he contends, mainly to Devonshire. "It is one of the most beautiful and interesting of the numerous sparkling trout-streams which contribute so much to the claims of Devonshire to be the Arcadia of England." The analogy between inland Arcadia, the nurse of stout infantry, and Devonshire with its two seas, the nurse of enterprising sailors, is altogether beyond us. If Warwickshire and Northamptonshire had some mountains, and if their streams ran a little faster, the Arcadia of England would surely be there. But the mere mention of a trout-stream carries Mr. Pulman off his balance. When he gets away from the stream itself to the places in its neighbourhood, he becomes sensible enough.

Mr. Pulman's subject thus leads him through the border district of Somerset, Devon, and Dorset, a district very far from lacking interest, though perhaps containing no one object of first-rate importance, and being perhaps, as a whole, hardly on a level with some other parts of each of those three shires. That is, of course, if we cast aside Mr. Pulman's theory of Brunanburh, which, if we could only believe it, would at once put Axminster on a level with Exeter and Glastonbury, Badbury and Montacute. But Mr. Pulman's district has seen a good deal of history, and that perhaps more in later times than in earlier—in the "Duking days," as he tells us that the time of Monmouth's rebellion is still called. The district is rich in primeval antiquities, and we have to thank Mr. Pulman for giving many ground-plans of camps which awaken a desire to hear Mr. Clark discourse about them. In monastic and later military remains the district is less rich than some others. Its chief monastery was the Cistercian abbey of Ford, where the remains of the monastic buildings are so large and splendid, while the church has almost wholly vanished. A Cistercian house in this case, the church gone, the other buildings inhabited and surrounded by the usual surroundings of a large house, forms a strange contrast after Rievaulx and Kirkstall. But the house has some interest even as a modern house, for it was for a while the dwelling-place of Jeremy Bentham, of whose life there Mr. Mill had something to say in his Autobiography. Mr. Pulman goes carefully through the history of the abbey, as he goes through that of the other places that he comes to. Of Crewkerne, whence Mr. Pulman himself dates, he has naturally much to say, but he must have read the Chronicon differently from Dr. Guest, when he places the victory of Cenwealh "at Peonnum" in 658 at Pendomer in his own neighbourhood, instead of at Penselwood or any other of the more northern Pens where it must have been. The origin of the name Crewkerne is too hard a subject for us rashly to decide upon, but it is as well to record that, whether rightly or wrongly, it was till quite lately commonly written and sounded Crewkhorn. Crewkerne church, with its fine west front, has full justice done to it. At Winham, one of the places which figure in the story of the dispute between Earl Harold and Bishop Gisa, Mr. Pulman has the sense to follow Gisa's own account of the business, instead of any of the monstrous stories into which that account has been perverted, and which reach their extremest mythical form in Collinson's Somerset. In this Mr. Pulman shows a keener critical sense than many writers of greater pretensions. Indeed the mere fact that Mr. Pulman goes straight to the genuine history when there is an exciting local legend at once stamps him as belonging to another class from the great mass of local writers. But we can by no means so easily follow Mr. Pulman when he gets to Chard, Chardstock, and the group of places having kindred names, and strives, not only to make out that the name preserves the name of Cerdic, but that Cerdic began the creation of the West-Saxon realm not in Hampshire, but at Charmouth in Dorset. This, like the great case of the translation of Brunanburh to Axminster, is a specimen of the result of looking at general history with merely local eyes. At the same time, even when, as in these cases, Mr. Pulman goes furthest wrong, he does not go wrong of his own head, but always follows some one or other of more or less credit, local or general. Of Chard, which plays a considerable part in the wars of the seventeenth century, and which has its municipal history like other places, Mr. Pulman gives a full account. Chard was in those days a not uncommon place for assizes, a choice, like that of some other assize towns, dictated not by the public convenience, but by the convenience of the Judges. It may not be commonly known, though Mr. Pulman perhaps looks on the fact as too well known locally to enlargemuch on it, that close to Chard is a hill which shares the name of Snowdon with two more famous heights in Caernarvonshire and at Stirling. People are apt to fancy in such cases that the less known object is, in some spirit of imitation, called after the better known. But there can be no doubt that the three Snowdons, like the two Hollands, or like any other objects or districts bearing the same name, were all called independently for the same reason.

Mr. Pulman, like other men, has his own special views, and he often brings them strongly forward. Thus he has what we might almost venture to call a craze on the subject of local government, and he is fervent in his devotion to the parish. He is quite right in thinking that the parish, or whatever we are to call the smallest local division, the representative of the mark, is not of ecclesiastical origin; but it is going too far to seek for the origin of the Teutonic community among the conquered Britons, and it is wilder still to seek for that specially Norman device, with a specially Norman name, the *manerium* or manor, in a British *maenau*; or boundary-stone. Mr. Pulman is not lucky in etymology whenever he gets beyond the guidance of Mr. Kemble; for instance, he says that some derive the name of a church from the French *nef*, and some from the Latin *nevis*. What does he conceive to be the difference between the two?

Mr. Pulman thus has his weaknesses, but they are counterbalanced by a good deal of strength. His book, as we said, marks a stage, and not a disheartening stage, in the treatment of local subjects. The gap between Collinson and Pulman is really wider than would be the gap between Pulman and an ideal book dealing with the same district.

MAJOR BUTLER'S AKIMFOO.*

THE march of Sir Garnet Wolseley from Cape Coast Castle to Coomassie in the winter before last has been narrated by several writers with sufficient minuteness. But no book has yet appeared to give a full account of the subsidiary operations which were designed to assail the flanks of the Ashantee host in its homeward movement across the Prah. Sir John Glover's costly and amply furnished expedition up the Volta, which was expected to open a new route for British military and commercial enterprise in the interior, is but scantily described in the official despatches. We also lack the stirring tale of his rapid march, with guns, rockets, and ammunition stores, leading a small but trusty force of trained Houssas and Yorubas across the roughest country of the Gold Coast region. The solitary herald of his advance, Captain Sartorius, reached Coomassie four or five days after the burning of that town. At that moment Sir Garnet Wolseley, anxious to repress the swollen rivers before the rains should beget a pestilence among his English troops, had to guard against some possible attack from the unbroken portion of the enemy till peace was made at Fommanah. It cannot therefore be doubted that Sir John Glover's approach, with his capture of Obogo and Dwabin, and his virtual conquest of East Assin, were of real service in compelling the ruler of Ashantee to submission, on February 15, in time for the removal of the European soldiers before the sickly season had thoroughly set in. This achievement, by which many precious lives were saved and a too probable military disaster was averted, must be set off against the utter waste of the proceedings about the mouth of the Volta. We should have received, therefore, with some gratification a well-written narrative of that series of events in which five or six officers of the army and the navy were employed with a creditable and useful result.

Another branch of projected secondary service, in Sir Garnet's plan of the campaign, was that which he entrusted to Captain W. F. Butler in West Akim, on the right-hand flank of the main British advance, and to Captain Dalrymple in the Wassaw country, on its left hand. These officers were to negotiate with the kings and chiefs of those countries, and to rally the largest number of their fighting men that could be hired, for the intended flank attacks on the army of Amanquatia, the Ashantee commander, when it was slowly retreating from the land of our Fantee Protectorate through the province of West Assin. They certainly failed, by no fault of their own, to obtain the active co-operation of those worthless professed allies to whom they were sent. But Sir Garnet, the instant they rejoined him, bore testimony in his despatches to the meritorious conduct of his two unsuccessful military agents. The approval of her Majesty was signified by the customary promotions. It was accompanied with a special expression of sympathy for Major Butler's prolonged illness, caused by excessive fatigues and exposure to the poisonous climate. We are glad to know that he is now, with recovered strength, assisting his former chief in the administration of another British African colony, which enjoys a more salubrious atmosphere. If he should give us by and by a book about Natal, the readers of his North American adventures will be quite disposed to welcome it. In the meantime, with unabated personal esteem for the author, let them be content to follow his vexatious journeys and attempts at military diplomacy on the Geld Coast.

It was a grievance which Captain Butler could not but feel, that many of the native fighting men in West Akim, the forces of which he was ordered to collect, were drawn away to the port of Accra by Sir John Glover's recruiting preparations for the useless camp on the Volta. Only the refuse of the male population could be got. This fact was brought under the notice of Captain Butler early in November, when he travelled inland from Accra, meeting the Akim kings Quabina Fuah and Coffee Ahencora within a few days' travel of the coast. They were eager to treat with Glover, but cared little for the name of Wolseley. At Akim Swaidroo, where Butler was received by Queen Amaquon, mother of the last-named King, little could be done beyond prescribing Cockle's Antibilious Pills for the bodily ailments of that respected dowager lady. Other local potentates, the bedridden old King of Agoonah, named Yowdowdo, and the boastful Darco, monarch of Accassie, "were ready to beg, to borrow, to lie or steal, but not to fight." These regal specimens of negro manhood behaved in a manner to excite the Englishman's hearty disgust. All his reproaches and taunts for their cowardly or selfish backwardness had scarcely any effect upon fellows so far beneath shame. On the 9th of December, when he reached Prah-su, he counted only thirty Akim and Assin warriors under his command, but Ahencora next day brought up a hundred more. Nothing could be done with them there at that time, since the Ashantees were already far to the north, and the English army of Sir Garnet could not get up to Prah-su for three weeks or a month. The opportunity for harassing the enemy's retreat was lost by the Akim chiefs' delay. Captain Butler, therefore, sent his Akims back into their own country, and presently, having got fresh instructions, again returned there to concert with its despicable rulers, at Swaidroo and Insuaim, the new plan of forward movement. It was then arranged that in the first week of January the Akim forces should assemble at Tribee, half way from the last-mentioned places towards the appointed crossing-place on the Prah, which was some

thirty miles above Prah-su in Assin, where our main army was to cross. The 15th was the day prescribed for a simultaneous passage of the river, after which Captain Butler was to lead his auxiliary band in a north-westerly direction to join Sir Garnet at Sirrasoo, ten miles from Coomassie. This was the second project of supporting operations with the auxiliary forces of West Akim. It was doomed to be a more conspicuous failure than the first. Those patriotic native allies whose country we were defending by the arms of British soldiers and sailors had refused to strike a blow at the exposed side of their retreating oppressor. They were now about to be guilty of a further scandalous dereliction in failing to come up with our main advance when it had entered the enemy's kingdom.

The narrative of these proceedings in January and part of February, involving the total collapse of Captain Butler's undertaking, has an increasing interest for the reader in the last fifty or sixty pages of his volume. He was joined at this period by Captains Brabazon and Paget, and Lieutenant Macgregor. These three officers were soon all prostrated by fever, as Captain Butler had been in November; and the Accra carriers ran away just when most wanted. The delays were heart-breaking; but at length the Kings Quabina Fuah and Ahencora, after much squabbling and shuffling, were induced to bring each two hundred men, by the 15th of January, to the banks of the Prah, close to Beronassie. Here Captain Butler suffered another attack of fever. His comrades, Brabazon and Macgregor, had partially recovered, but were still weak. To their infinite disgust the warriors of Akim now pleaded their superstitious dread of a fetish, and other idle excuses, for declining to cross the boundary river. It was of no use to coax or scold our precious native allies. The three white men, attended by six Fantee police constables from the Coast, waded across the turbid stream, in sight of their black friends, and remained five days on the north bank, vainly trying to persuade the Akim braves to follow. Sir Garnet Wolseley, in the meantime, was pushing the van of his little army over the Adansi hills. Upon being informed by Captain Butler of the behaviour of the allied kings, the General wrote a sharp letter of rebuke to each of them, menacing them with arrest and punishment as traitors. Captain Butler, however, had left their camp with an indignant protest, and was returning to his chief, when the kings of Akim thought better of it. Their consent to move on was partly won by the efforts of a certain "fighting doctor," who had been sent from headquarters for the medical relief of our gallant countrymen. This gentleman, though he stoutly denied the existence of malaria till himself attacked by fever, and once rather indiscreetly threatened a king of the native allies with his revolver, seems to have done excellent service. It must have been great fun to see the burly and jovial doctor playing on the guitar and singing a variety of sentimental or convivial ditties over copious libations of rum, to gain the confidence of the stubborn negro chieftains. At other times he would rush through their camp from hut to hut shouting with a loud voice every term of reproach and contempt in the English language, to arouse in their astonished minds a feeling of what was due to themselves.

Impelled by these means to reluctant action, the West Akim contingent now moved up the Ennoon, a tributary of the Prah, towards Lake Boosumaque, east of the Adansi hills and Fommanah. They had a skirmish on January 25th with a party of supposed Ashantees, two or three of whom were shot and their heads cut off as trophies. But it seems too probable that these were East Akim men belonging to Glover's force, which was then, unknown to Butler, within eight or ten miles of him eastward at Conomo. On the 27th, having advanced to Akina, the foremost party of his people, led by Brabazon, actually met and fought some real Ashantees, whose camp, with the blood-smeared stool of their captain, was triumphantly captured. A day or two spent by Captain Butler in fortifying this position, while endeavouring to convince the Akims that they ought still to go forward, brought him to the sudden and miserable end of his operations. They were at that time within hearing of the guns fired at Borborassie, where Captain Nichol was killed, a little way off the main road of Sir Garnet's advance. Coomassie, a brown patch in the vast expanse of forest verdure, could be faintly seen by the scouts upon a neighbouring hill. It was known that the Ashantees had placed one army at Amoaful, on the main road west of Akina; but they were reported to have another army due north of Akina, at the town of Cocofoo. In this situation, at the critical moment of the campaign, the half-hearted Akims finally preferred an ignominious retreat. It was on January 30th, the day before Sir Garnet's battle at Amoaful. The scouts had brought into camp a mysterious old blind man, an Akim long resident among the Ashantees, who pretended to have met a warning vision. This was the great woodland fetish Cauthawberry. Its message was to Coffee Ahencora, that he should not go too far, or the Ashantees would destroy him; but all that country would soon be put under Akim rule, as in times gone by. The same old man bore positive testimony to the existence of three large Ashantee camps of defence, and to the presence of the Ashantee King at Cocofoo three days before. Either this knowledge of the enemy's position or the vague admonition of the forest goblin prevailed with the Akim chiefs. They told Captain Butler, with expressions of abject fear, that the Ashantees were surrounding them, and they must go back while there was yet time. Their people instantly began to pack up their campaigning stores and furniture in bundles of reeds and palm-leaves, and to walk off by the forest paths to the south. Captain Butler,

* *Akimfoo: the History of a Failure.* By Major W. F. Butler, C.B., F.R.G.S., Author of "The Great Lone Land." &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

we should observe, had got on the evening before a despatch from Sir Garnet's headquarters, dated the 25th, informing him that the King of Ashantee had complied with all demands, and that a speedy termination of the war might be expected. His immediate course was thereupon to lead the Akim force, which mustered two thousand, by way of Dadiasso into the main road, and to join Sir Garnet Wolsley's advancing column. One day's march would have done it. But he could not stop the Akims' retrograde movement, which he accompanied to Prah-su, and there leaving the panic-stricken horde, proceeded by himself towards Coomassie. Hearing at Fommanah on February 6th of the capture of the Ashantee capital, he passed over the battle-field of Amoafal, and met his returning victorious General at Agemnamu. We may be sure that Sir Garnet received him with generous consideration for his severe disappointment. The natural gratitude of Major Butler seems to have enhanced his almost rapturous admiration of that able and accomplished military leader, under whom he had been employed on another special service in the Red River Expedition of Canada five years ago. In these feelings of personal attachment between a commander-in-chief and the officers who strive to execute his plans we recognize the chivalrous spirit of their noble profession, and a pledge for the most efficient performance of their work.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.*

THE writer's name is not given in the title-page of this novel, but it is written by one who is apparently a diligent student of Miss Broughton's works. It is wanting in the dash, spirit, and cleverness which distinguish Miss Broughton's books; but it has all Miss Broughton's faults greatly exaggerated. Novelists in the present day suffer from poverty of invention, and are fond of reproducing their old characters either in their old names or cloaked in the disguise of new ones. In this instance the writer displays her originality chiefly by caricaturing characters which Miss Broughton invented. The heroine of *Comin' Thro' the Rye* is built on the same lines as Miss Broughton's heroines. In Miss Broughton's novel *Nancy* we had a disagreeable, ill-tempered, selfish "governor"—the good old English word father is unknown in the present day—and the same person is reproduced in *Comin' Thro' the Rye* under the name of Colonel Adair. In *Comin' Thro' the Rye* the conversation is not spontaneous or natural, as Miss Broughton's dialogue usually is. In attempting to be smart the author is too often flippant, and she evidently imagines that slang is wit. She relates anecdotes which do not possess the merit of freshness, and some border on the profane. Occasionally she is decidedly coarse—"Who is that shambling little man? Bareback's husband. She might wear him as a bustle and never know he was there." This is hardly a refined way of speaking to a young lady. There is no wit in the following, but a good deal of bad taste:—"The older she gets," says Fane, "the more she shows; and the Lord only knows what further revelations Time may have in store for us." But if we were to pause to notice all the instances of bad taste, the length of our review would bid fair to emulate the writer's three volumes. "Lubin kissing Phillis's ruddy and sticky cheek," is certainly a graceful and delicate picture. The writer is simply shocking when she affects religious sentiment. The following is worse than a Good Friday leader of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is supposed to describe the effect produced when a "fine preacher arises":—"We almost see the gaping bottomless pit, with the writhing scorpions and the worm that never dies; feel the licking fire of the curling flames; hear the voice of the Man of Sorrows calling us away from destruction." The writers of circulating-library novels ought to learn that certain subjects are too sacred for them to discuss.

The plot of *Comin' Thro' the Rye* is of the slenderest kind. Helen Adair, the heroine, is one of a large family. The novel opens with a description of the Adair family. We have met Jack and Dolly before in the pages of Miss Broughton's novels, and the first chapter of *Comin' Thro' the Rye* reminds us forcibly of the first chapter of *Nancy*; but the description of the Adair family is not half so humorous as that of the Grey family, bickering, yet affectionate, over the manufacture of toffee. In *Nancy*, the heroine on the wall was a good scene in Miss Broughton's best style of description; but Helen Adair suspended from the bough of a tree, "petticoats above and legs below," is neither picturesque nor amusing. The first volume of *Comin' Thro' the Rye* is almost entirely occupied with a history of the childhood of the Adair family, and is somewhat dull. Novelists are to be pitied. They have their tale of bricks to make with very little straw, in most instances. They must fill the three regulation volumes, and, being unable to fill them with vivid scenes and powerful incidents, they have recourse to padding. The padding with the writer of *Comin' Thro' the Rye* takes the form of weak comicality, which is exasperating to a degree. If three-fourths of this novel were cut out, there would be the loss of a certain number of nouns and adjectives, but not of an ounce of story or interest. At the age of fourteen Nell is sent to school. The school at Charteris is unique in one respect. The young ladies play at cricket in bloomer costume, and the writer gives us a description of "girls whose plump proportions fit their garments as closely as a kernel fits a shell." Bloomer costume is pleasing to the heroine, for she says:—

"It is a lovely thought that I can kick up my heels to my heart's content, and yet preserve decorum." The writer informs us that "it is a fact that a large portion of woman's assurance lies in her tail." We were not aware of this. Before leaving home a boy and girl love-scene has taken place between Helen and George Tempest. She has promised to be his wife at eighteen and a half, but this promise is not unconditional, for she adds:—"Of course if I see any one I like better, you won't mind my having him?" But George does mind very much.

At the vicarage at Charteris Nell meets Paul Vasher, who has a brown complexion and "brown brown eyes, that are self-willed and strong and tender at one and the same time." Paul has been in love with Silvia Fleming, who is "of fair stature, and so softly, sensuously lovely at all points, in every dimple and curve of cheek, lip, chin, and body, that it is a feast of the eye to look upon her." It must truly have been a feast of the eye to look upon a person who, in addition to the above, also possessed the following rare physical charms—"gleaming ripe shoulders and bosom." We are not astonished that Paul proposed to Silvia. Unfortunately, just as Silvia put her arms round his neck, her other lover comes towards them, and "looked first on one, then on another, and went away." Next day, however, the "other lover" rides so recklessly in a steeplechase that he is carried back to his mother's carriage dead. Paul renounces Silvia because he thinks "a woman who betrays one man will betray another." The majority of men in real life are not as noble as Paul Vasher. Such a thing has been known in this wicked world as a man marrying a girl who had been previously engaged. In fact, there are men who are so utterly depraved as to feel satisfaction at having "cut out another." Paul and Silvia meet again at Charteris. She "drowns her head in the moonlight and shivers," and he "shivers like a reed." Under these painful circumstances a stormy scene takes place between them. "You love me," she says, in her low, passionate voice, "and I—my God! do I not love you? And yet we are to love apart! Must it be so, beloved—must it be so?" "It must be so," he says, very gently. "We can never be anything to each other—never any more." Paul "snatches her in his embrace, and kisses her not once, but many times, on lips, and brows, and shoulder, with a strength that seems to crush her." "Then he sets her down abruptly, and strides away into the night." Paul determines to take a Continental tour, the common cure for disappointed love. However, before he leaves, he gives Helen Adair a long lecture about "the lily of renunciation against the crimson blossom of love," whatever that may mean, and tells her it is better to grow up good than pretty, by no means a flattering injunction to a plain young lady with "green eyes." Nell disregards the injunction, and grows up an extremely comely person with the whitest, softest neck, and brown hair with a warm ruddy golden tinge running through it, and Paul says her eyes are not green, but sweet, saucy, serious, tender, and grey. She is now eighteen, but she cannot learn to love George, although he is tall and fair, and has blue eyes. George is the only well-drawn personage. He is a fine honourable young man, but devoid of those graces which win a woman's heart. He is one of those men whom it is easier for a woman to respect than to love. Nell tells him, "If to care for you is to like you very much when you are not making love to me, then I care for you very much indeed." There is a great deal of real pathos in George's grand unselfish love for Nell, and he is as constant as only the unloved can be. Though Nell cannot learn to love George, she soon learns to love some one else. As she is rushing through the "burning, broiling expanse of grain," she comes "butt head foremost into a black something," which something turns out to be Paul Vasher, who has returned from his travels on the Continent. Paul remarks, "And, after all, you are a disappointment; somehow I always thought of finding you a bright, frank-faced, honest little girl just as I left you." Shortly afterwards Paul and Nell are staying in the same country house, and we have a good deal of brainless talk and a good deal of love-making. It was the late Sir Arthur Helps, we believe, who defined love as a week in a country house and rain.

Silvia Fleming is also staying in the house with Paul and Nell, and although she is carrying on a desperate flirtation with another man, her love for Paul is not quenched. She tells Nell in a bitter, silvery voice, "You will never be Paul Vasher's wife—never." The steady, inflexible spirit of revenge in Silvia Fleming is inexplicable. There is not sufficient motive for it. To depict satisfactorily such a nature as Silvia's demands deep knowledge of human nature and great powers of painting. It is far beyond and above the power of this author. Paul's method of making love to Helen is not satisfactory. He talks to her in sentimental riddles, and insists on knowing whether she ever had a lover. Most girls would resent such a question, and perhaps a truthful answer might prove unpleasant to the man. However, after a fervid love scene, in which she gives him a "soft pinch," and he kisses her on "cheek, brow, eyes, and lips," an engagement between them follows as a natural consequence. They have not been long engaged when Paul is called away on business to Rome. The Christmas bells are ringing when the lovers meet again at their old trysting-place. Fifteen days only have elapsed since they parted, but great events have taken place in that time. Paul, on reaching Rome, found no letter from Helen. On the 21st he received one apparently coming from her, informing him that she had married George Tempest, and she sent a copy of the *Times* to corroborate her statement. The *Times* is a favourite instrument with novelists,

* *Comin' Thro' the Rye*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1875.

and many and manifold are the uses to which they put it. That night Silvia enters Paul's room at night, embraces his burning head, and with a voice gentle as a mother's whispers words of comfort in his ear. Next morning Paul and Silvia become man and wife. On the 22nd Paul discovers that Silvia had forged the letter and sent the false announcement to the *Times*, and he immediately rushes off to England to inform Nell of what has taken place, and asks her to go away with him in spite of his being a married man. Then follows a scene of the sort which has lately become so popular with novel-writers, in which there is a great deal of sighing and kissing, and in which the name of the Almighty is freely invoked. The situation is forced and artificial. No rational man and few idiots would have acted as Paul Vasher did. From this point all interest in the plot ceases, and the story simply goes on in order to fill up the third volume. Paul Vasher and his wife come to Silverbridge, and an acquaintance springs up between them and the Adair family. That a girl like Helen Adair should ever consent to know the woman who had done her such an injury as she had received from Silvia is highly improbable. Helen, not being able to indulge in her love for Paul, bestows her affection upon his little boy Wattie. Miss Broughton has earned a certain reputation for skill in drawing the harrowing details of a death scene. The present author has accurately reproduced all that is repulsive in Miss Broughton's death scenes without any traces of their redeeming qualities. Wattie is stricken by a fever and dies. That night Paul comes to Helen and says to her, "Will you end this life of hell and misery, and come away with me?" A dark shadow crosses the moonlight, a white hand alights like a snow-flake on Paul's. He turns, and at his elbow stands Silvia, smiling. Helen leads husband and wife to the bed where their child lies dead. The story ends by Paul being killed at Sedan.

After wearily wading through three volumes of this novel, one problem is raised in our mind which we cannot solve. What could induce a being with any powers of thought or delicacy of taste to force so much tedious and disagreeable rubbish on the public?

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE Statistical Atlas of the United States*, compiled from the facts and figures of the last Census by Mr. Francis A. Walker, the Superintendent to whose charge the preparation of the Census was entrusted, is a work of the highest value and interest, though we fear one of those which are too excellent in their conception and execution, too elaborately planned, and carried out on too large and costly a scale, to achieve a popularity at all proportionate to their merits. The letterpress is superb; the maps are numerous, minute in detail, and so shaded as to convey at once to the reader's eye the general distribution of the object to which each relates. It is true that the substitution of different colours for different depths of the same colour would have made the meaning in some cases more instantly obvious, and saved the student's eyes at the expense of very largely increased cost of publication; but this would have tended to confuse one map with another when bound together, and the distinctions of shade are assisted by engraved lines, horizontal, perpendicular, slanting, and crossed, which make it easy to fix at once on the grade in each scale occupied by any given district. The Atlas exhibits at once the physical and political character of the country. There are maps showing the distribution of woodland and of rainfall, the range of temperature, mean and extreme, the mean barometrical pressure, the growth of different staples, the geology and drainage of the United States; and other maps which exhibit the tendency of Irish and Germans to aggregate themselves in particular spots, and the preponderance of different elements in the population. The drainage map is one of the most interesting, showing as it does three vast divisions, with their subordinate fractions, each having a character, and to some extent a history of its own. Nearly the whole territory between the Alleghanies and the summit of the Rocky Mountains forms the Mississippi Valley, the Missouri and other great rivers on the West, the Ohio, Tennessee, &c., in the East, supplying subsidiary lines of drainage, the waters of which ultimately find their way to the Gulf of Mexico by a single channel. The Columbia and Colorado rivers on the Pacific slope have each their several areas and peculiar characters. The latter, sunk several hundred feet below the surface, drains a region whose desert surface is intersected by innumerable chasms of immense depth, at the bottom of which flow its sluggish waters; by this natural system of "deep-draining" the land is made almost absolutely barren. The relation between this and the "woodland" and "rainfall" maps, again, is a matter of peculiar interest. The Alleghany range was originally the central spine of a vast forest extending nearly from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic almost to the Mississippi, the prairies of Illinois alone excepted. The treeless region between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains is considerably wider than the rainless area which corresponds pretty nearly with the so-called Alkali Desert;

but the former includes the whole of the latter. The scarcity of rain is the one disadvantage of California, which might otherwise be, if not now, yet at no distant period, really the terrestrial paradise which it is sometimes called. The tendency of the isothermal lines to rise towards the centre of the continent—the summers of the North-West Territories being as warm as those of Virginia—and the intense heat of the Southern coasts, to which the Gulf States owe much of their success in raising semi-tropical staples, and on the other hand the presence of their annual scourge, the yellow fever, are points noticeable in the thermometrical map. The close connexion between the three great coal-fields of the Union, which, with scarcely a break, sweep round in a broad belt, here and there narrowed almost to nothing, from Pennsylvania through Illinois and Kansas into Alabama, is worth noting; as are the shades which exhibit in different sheets the distribution of German and Irish immigrants. In a word, the Statistical Atlas realizes nearly all that its title seems to promise, and also a good deal more; while its execution is all that even the high excellence of works emanating from public departments and scientific Commissions in the United States could have led us to expect.

Mr. Southall's elaborate work on the Recent Origin of Man* is directed to refute some of those geological conclusions which have been most offensive to orthodox theologians, and have given most scope to those theories of Creation which dispense with a Creator. Mr. Darwin and other writers of his school frankly admit that their theory, as applied to the animal world, requires an almost infinite period of development; and anthropological antiquaries who have applied the same hypotheses to the growth of human society have contended for a proportionate period of human existence upon the earth. Mr. Southall combats this theory evidently in the belief that it strikes at the root of Biblical history. But though this is clearly the motive of his work, it does not affect his method. He endeavours to meet the man of science on their own ground with arguments of fact and example opposed to inferences drawn from example and fact. He thinks himself able to show that the caves where human remains and remnants of weapons and pottery are found together with bones of extinct animals need not be of enormously remote date. It is argued that they could not have been filled except by the agency of water, and that no waters now flowing could reach them; he collects instances of floods capable of raising the existing waters to the height of these caves. It is affirmed that it must have taken thousands of centuries to supply the stalagmite with which the bones are covered; he replies that stalagmite has accumulated at a hundred-fold the rate allowed by his geological opponents. The argument, though obviously and even avowedly one-sided, is at least frank, honest, and relevant.

Only our youngest readers can possibly be unaware that the authorship of Shakespeare's plays† was some years ago vigorously questioned by Mr. Nathaniel Holmes, who took up once more the theory suggested long ago, and adopted by more than one eccentric thinker, that Lord Bacon was the only man of the age capable of writing the plays, and that the actor William Shakespeare certainly was not. Mr. Holmes now publishes a third edition of his work, with much additional matter, but little that materially strengthens his position, or is likely to convince any one who was not convinced or staggered any one who was not staggered before. It is only the old argument over again. We know that the author of the plays was a man of wonderful learning and ability; but, it is urged, apart from the plays, Shakespeare seems to have been a man of no learning, nor was it likely that any player of his time should possess knowledge enough, to say nothing of ability, to have written any of them. Lord Bacon, on the other hand, had all the learning that is shown in the plays. The author of the plays was familiar with classical history, mythology, and literature—not as a schoolboy, but as a scholar. Lord Bacon was so; how came Shakespeare to be so? His ordinary life gives no signs of it. The dramatist shows some knowledge that could not have been acquired from any then existing translations, even had Shakespeare had time to study all of them. The author was learned in the law; and not only so, but so familiar with it that legal terms and metaphors came as naturally to his pen as to the tongue of a clerk who has spent ten years in an attorney's office. Lord Bacon was a great lawyer; but there is not the shadow of a reason to fancy that Will Shakespeare, the actor, ever knew more of law than he might learn at the bar of Petty Sessions while a prisoner for poaching, and squires in that day as in this were too well acquainted with the Game-law to give the prisoner much opportunity of studying anything but the penalties. Finally, Lord Bacon was familiar with the physical science of his age; men in Shakespeare's degree knew even less of it than they do now. And the plays evince a knowledge of physical science such as only a thorough student, a medical man of the advanced school, or a man like Lord Bacon, who studied everything, and whose theory of study led him especially towards the

* *Statistical Atlas of the United States, based on the Results of the Ninth Census, 1870, with Contributions from many Eminent Men of Science and several Departments of the Government.* Compiled under authority of Congress by Francis A. Walker, M.A., Superintendent of the 9th Census, Professor of Political Economy and History. Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

* *The Recent Origin of Man, as illustrated by Geology and the Modern Science of pre-Historic Archaeology.* Illustrated by James C. Southall. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *The Authorship of Shakespeare.* By Nathaniel Holmes. Third Edition. With an Appendix of Additional Matters, including a Notice of the Recently Discovered Northumberland MSS. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: Houghton & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

physical sciences with their realizable facts and attainable results of practical value, could in that day be supposed to possess. Similarly the whole tone and quality of mind, training, and knowledge of life shown in the plays are such as Francis Bacon certainly had, and as, the plays apart, there would seem to be no proof that Shakspeare had, and no possibility that he could have had. Further, there is no evidence of Shakspeare's authorship except the fact that the plays were universally ascribed to and assumed by him; and the fact that "he never blotted" would suggest that he copied, and was not at liberty to alter.

*Prohibition a Failure** is a very exceptional work—the work of a man who shares all the errors and fanaticisms of the Maine Law men, except the Maine Law; and, while echoing nearly every argument in favour of abstinence from alcohol, even to the allegation that it is a poison, which has no beneficial use whatever, vehemently condemns prohibition, and condemns it, too, on just principles, and for clear and sound reasons. All the arguments which show that the State might as well prohibit smoking, or eating late suppers, or drinking tea, as the use of alcohol—that, in fact, the prohibition of alcohol is simply a sumptuary law, defensible only on the old doctrine of paternal government, that the Government knows better than the people what is good for them, and ought to act on its knowledge—are brought out by Mr. Dio Lewis as vigorously as they were ever brought out by the social Conservatives of our own country; but Mr. Lewis is a total abstainer, and miscalls himself a temperance, meaning a teetotalist, lecturer. Of course it is right and reasonable enough that an abstainer should be an anti-prohibitionist. He ought to know as well as any one else what are the functions of the State, and the limits of its duties; he ought to discern the absurdity of the argument which likens the publican to the thief, and the vital distinction between use and abuse. But somehow there has been a connexion between teetotalism and intolerance which we never saw broken before. Bad coffee and bad logic, physiological perversity and political ignorance, hatred of beer and of liberty, are now, for the first time in our experience, separated; and a teetotaler tells the truth about prohibition, exposes its iniquity, and urges on his fellow-abstainers the folly of "putting up people's backs when you want to persuade them," as heartily as could the *Morning Advertiser* itself. It may be hoped that his friends will listen to him, especially as he testifies to facts on which a total abstainer is by far the most conclusive witness. Gluttony, he says, kills ten times as many men as drink, and abstainers are often reputed to be excessive eaters; tobacco is worse than alcohol, and most Americans smoke exceedingly. Men of moderation have long been saying these things, but then no teetotaler would allow them any motive more honest than a desire to screen their own vice and misery by leading others into the path of conscious sin and foreseen destruction; perhaps a teetotaler will be credited with a wish to speak the truth when he exposes the superstition of teetotalism and shows that prohibition never really prohibits drunkenness, while it impels hundreds to drink for the mere assertion of their liberty, and brings whisky into thousands of homes where before it was never seen. At any rate, here is testimony from a teetotaler that prohibition does not promote either temperance or total abstinence; and, after this, those who oppose prohibition may claim the authority of Mr. Dio Lewis when they affirm that they are as sincere friends of both—of temperance for the sober and abstinence for the drunkard—as any member of the Alliance.

Sex in Industry† is a book which for various reasons cannot be recommended for general perusal, but which ought to be carefully considered by those who undertake to find fresh employment for women in occupations hitherto reserved for men. The author carries his argument very far; for, if we accept the conclusions to which he points, it would appear that hardly any kind of labour is fit for women, unless it be regulated with special regard to their especial capacities and weaknesses. The very forms of work which have been thought particularly adapted to them, as requiring no great strain either on the muscles or the mind, and calling chiefly for that quickness of eye and hand in which, if in anything, they rival or excel men, are represented as involving conditions especially unsuitable to them. It is argued that nothing which demands concentration of nervous or physical power is fit for women. The sewing-machine, unless when worked by steam, is said to exert a most deleterious influence; and yet the objections to factory labour, as requiring constant vigilance over the action and instant obedience to the demands of steam machinery, would apply to all machines worked by steam. Again, women cannot stand long, and on that account they are not fit for service in shops; they cannot bear a continuous demand on a single mental faculty, and therefore break down after a brief employment as cashiers or treasury counters or bank tellers. They cannot endure the nervous hurry and strain of the telegraph, nor can they compete with men in that which seems so peculiarly suited to their nimble fingers and quick perceptions—the duty of compositors. In short,

* *Prohibition a Failure; or, the True Solution of the Temperance Question.* By Dio Lewis, Author of "New Gymnastics," "Weak Lungs," &c., &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *Sex in Industry: a Plea for the Working-Girl.* By Azel Ames, Jun., M.D., Member Massachusetts Medical Society, Honorary Member California Medical Society, Special Commissioner of Investigation Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour, &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

though not intentionally, and apparently not consciously, the writer proves, if he proves anything, that women are inferior to men in every sort of work except those domestic functions for which nature has especially and exclusively fitted them; and that they must therefore accept lower wages in all employments, and be confined chiefly to those in which the labour of men is found too costly—as in the cotton factory and the cheap sewing-shops. It may be that this inference is not so far from the truth as it is now the fashion to deem it—that in any continuous productive labour, mental or muscular, women are inferior to men, being inferior alike in force of brain and force of body; but, if so, it is clear that all our modern philanthropists, and especially the champions of woman's rights and woman's work, are on a false scent, and that the true remedy for the depressed conditions of so many women is to be found in a return to natural principles and obedience to Nature's guidance; in finding means whereby women in general may be enabled to marry, instead of seeking means whereby they may live unmarried on equal terms with men. At any rate, those who are interested in this question and its corollaries should study carefully this little volume, and the collection of testimony it contains.

*How to Make a Living** is a short treatise on a subject which presents less difficulty in the United States than here, but which is seldom made much clearer by the soundest maxims, or more easy by the best advice to those who, from character or circumstances, find it difficult in either country. The truth is that the counsels are commonly general while the difficulties are personal or peculiar; that the maxims are for the most part well known even to those who find it most impossible to follow them.

Miss Harland, who has won a certain reputation in other fields, ventures now into one peculiarly feminine, and undertakes, not to teach men how to make a living, but women how to make life more comfortable by decent cookery. Her receipts for dishes to furnish forth the table at Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea, remind us how well most American families live; and some of them afford to English minds an explanation of the yet more notorious fact of their suffering from indigestion.

The Secrets of the Sanctum‡ is the title of a gossiping little book on the life of American journalists, interspersed with some entertaining experiences of the author's own career, and amusing anecdotes of the liabilities and troubles of Transatlantic editorship. We might have gathered from it materials for a comparison of editorial labours in England and America, if the author had not warned us off this ground by an admission that what he graphically describes as the work of one over-driven labourer is really that of three or four. Of course the method of misrepresentation is absurd. We suspect, however, that there is less distinction in America than in England between editorial and sub-editorial functions, and that writer, editor, and sub-editor are often one, while subject-matter, rather than functions, forms the basis of a division of labour.

The fifth volume of the interminable memoirs of John Quincy Adams § contains the daily record of his work in the Department of State from March 1820 to June 1822. The print is close and the pages are large; and we marvel as we read that any busy man could find time to write such a lengthy narrative of his own doings, or that any publisher should dream of offering it to a busy people. Even if John Q. Adams had been as great a man as he supposed himself, the world could not spare leisure to master or thought to remember the minute details of tiny negotiations and long bygone squabbles; even the name of Washington, or Wellington, or Lee, would not command attention for a biography written at the rate of a moderate sized page per diem from cradle to his grave.

Mr. Venables compresses the entire History of the United States||, with examination-papers thereon, into a tithe of the space which Mr. Adams gives to the year 1820, and Mr. Venables works for school-children, who have nothing to do but to read his and equally entertaining and enlightening books.

Mr. Benjamin Taylor was a newspaper correspondent during the war, employed chiefly in the West, and attached "in camp and field"¶ to the division of General Hooker, from whom he seems to have caught that hero's dizen of braggadocio, together with a spice of General Pope's peculiar style, which renders his book more enter-

* *How to Make a Living: Suggestions upon the Art of Earning, Saving, and Using Money.* By Geo. Cary Eggleston, Author of "How to Educate Yourself," &c. New York: Putnam Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea.* By Marion Harland, Author of "Common Sense in the Household." New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *Secrets of the Sanctum: an Inside View of an Editor's Life.* By A. F. Hill, Author of "Our Boys," "The White Rock," "John Smith's Adventures on a Crutch." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§ *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams: comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848.* Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. 5. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

|| *A School History of the United States.* By W. H. Venables, of the Cheltenham Classical and Scientific Institute. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶ *Pictures of Life in Camp and Field.* By Benjamin F. Taylor, Author of "Attractions of Language," &c. &c. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

taining than trustworthy, and now and then more irritating than agreeable. At the same time, Mr. Taylor saw things worth telling, and can tell them graphically, and his boastful and extravagant tone may perhaps be thought pleasing in his own country.

The principal, or at least the most interesting, theme of the late Report of the New York Chamber of Commerce* relates to an Act finally establishing on a basis of equality with the ordinary Courts of the State a Commercial Court—miscalled of Arbitration—for adjudicating summarily, but legally and authoritatively, disputes upon the meaning and performance of mercantile contracts, and the scores of daily disagreements which cannot well be settled by a suit at law, first because the essential object of both parties is to have them settled at once, and next because the decision requires such a knowledge of the usages and terms of trade as the judges and juries of general Courts can rarely possess. The head of the new Court is an experienced mercantile lawyer, and is bound to decide cases within ten days at latest after hearing.

The object of Miss Stevenson's awkwardly named book† is to render the simplest principles of modern biological discovery, so far as they relate to the lower forms of life, intelligible to boys and girls; in fact, to translate the science of Mr. Huxley into the plain everyday words that children can understand; interpreting now and then, as needful, the terms of art which it is needful to impart. The work is a useful, if a humble, one, and conscientiously, if not brilliantly, performed.

Mr. Wilson Flagg's *Birds and Seasons of New England*‡ is a very readable and interesting account of the appearance, character, habits, haunts, and periods of the various birds found in the far North-Eastern States of the Union; one that demands no special scientific or ornithological knowledge from the reader, while it affords a good deal. To the people among whom the birds described live and sing it ought to be highly acceptable; and even strangers might occupy an hour or two very pleasantly in skimming its pages and reading the most remarkable incidents of bird-life collected by a devoted observer.

Mr. Haven's "Mexico"§ and Mr. James's *Transatlantic Sketches* || are both accounts of travel over well-beaten ground. The former, indeed, is much the more ambitious work, professing to give a full description of Mexico as she is, of her living cities and her ruins, her fields and her people, and slight sketches of her history—in which the author notes with especial delight the cold-blooded murder of the "Papist" Maximilian; but, written by a religious bigot with bad temper and little true education, it is less readable than the mere froth and frivolity of the latter volume.

Mr. W. S. Robinson's Manual¶ of American Parliamentary Law is unfortunately written on principles which render it of comparatively little use to the English reader, who cannot tell which of the precepts given are in force, and which are mere recommendations of the author. A work really showing the practice of Congress, and the variations from it adopted by different State Legislatures and Conventions, would afford a most interesting opportunity of learning how far experience or theory has led Americans to depart from the principles and usages they derived from the English Parliament of two centuries ago, and how far they may have preserved what we have dropped.

Of two novels on our table, the titles, *The Physician's Wife*** and *The Mills of the Gods*††, suggest the general spirit and tenor of the story. Miss Phelps's *Poetic Studies*‡‡ are not quite worthy of the true poetry contained, with much disputable philosophy, in *The Gates Ajar*. Mr. Saxe's *Leisure-Day Rhymes*§§, chiefly fables and apologies, by no means belong to the higher order of poetry, but are unusually readable verse.

* *Seventeenth Annual Report of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York for the Year 1874-1875*. In Two Parts. Compiled by George Wilson, Secretary. New York: Press of the Chamber of Commerce. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Boys and Girls in Biology; or, Simple Studies of the Lower Forms of Life*. Based upon the latest Lectures of Professor T. H. Huxley, and published, by his permission, by Sarah Hackett Stevenson. With Illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *The Birds and Seasons of New England*. By Wilson Flagg, Author of "The Woods and Byways of New England." With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *Our Next-Door Neighbour: a Winter in Mexico*. By Gilbert Haven, Author of "Pilgrim's Wallet," "National Sermons," "The Sailor Preacher," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

|| *Transatlantic Sketches*. By Henry James, Jun. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

¶ *Warrington's Manual*. A Manual for the Information of Officers and Members of Legislatures, Conventions, Societies, Corporations, Orders, &c., in the Practical Governing and Membership of all such Bodies according to the Parliamentary Law and Practice in the United States. By William S. Robinson, "Warrington," Clerk of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts from 1862 to 1873. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

** *The Physician's Wife*. A Novel. By Helen King Spangler. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *The Mills of the Gods*. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Twells. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡‡ *Poetic Studies*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§§ *Leisure-Day Rhymes*. By John Godfrey Saxe. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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